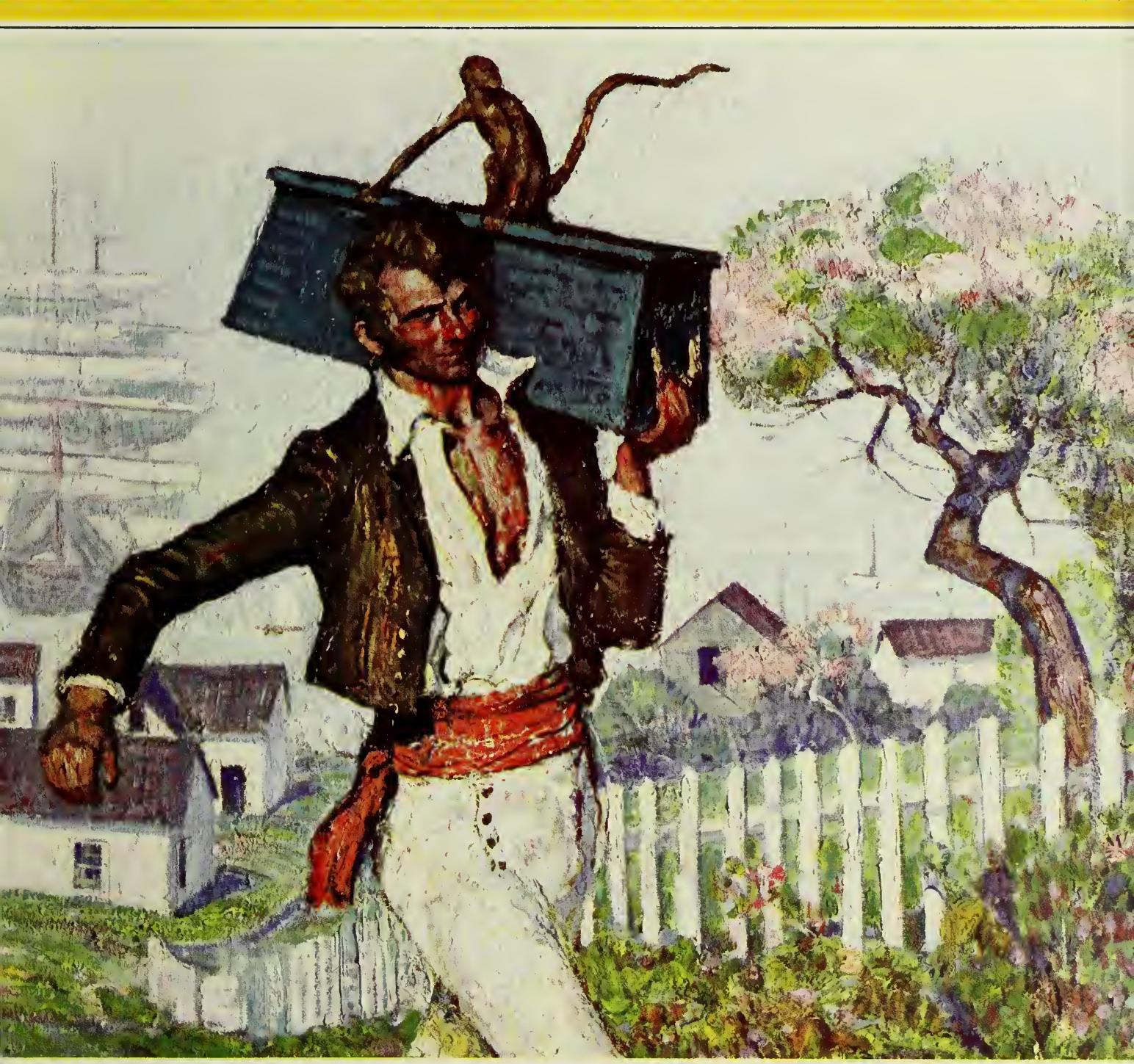


The American **LEGION**

MONTHLY

JUNE 1932

25 CENTS



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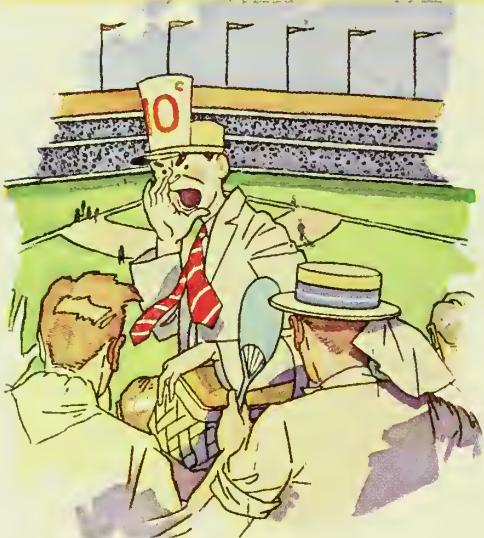
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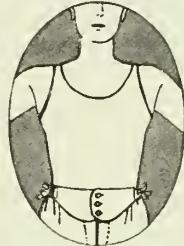
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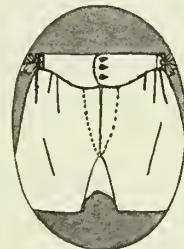
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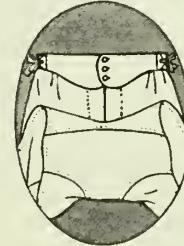
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For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

JUNE, 1932

VOL. 12, No. 6



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C OVER DESIGN: HOME FROM THE SEA
ON TO MANCHESTER!

A NEW FIGHT FOR THE DISABLED
—HAPPILY EVER AFTER

WHAT THEY KNOW ABOUT YOU
NOW YOU SEE 'EM, NOW YOU DON'T
PINNING DOWN C
NEVER AGAIN IN THESE UNITED STATES

777 NORTH MERIDIAN
THE LEGION PRESSES ON
—UNTIL THE ROAD IS CLEARED
THE MAN MEETS THE JOB: *A Competition for Legion Posts*

THE DEBT: *Conclusion*

HOSS SOLDIER
OUT AND BACK
FLORIDA LEADS OFF
IT NEVER GOT TOO ROUGH
SUNNY FRANCE

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FOR YOUR MID-SUMMER READING

IN THE July issue, Frederick Palmer will discuss the general aspects of national politics. He has visited all sections of the country recently and he knows what service men and citizens generally are thinking about. There will be fiction and special articles especially made for hammock and front-porch readers.

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Thus, a golden opportunity awaited those men possessing the patience to study these post-war changes.

Now, comes an unusual opportunity limited solely to World War Veterans and members of The American Legion Auxiliary . . . an opportunity to obtain at a fraction of their former cost that authentic, un-

GENERAL PERSHING'S ideas differed from the French and the British. Their long, bitter experience had taught them caution. Pershing, on the other hand, believed in an aggressive offensive, in attacking and penetrating the enemy lines far enough that counter attacks might be broken before they gained momentum.

He ordered American troops to be "trained for open warfare." They were to hold their rifle fire for definite objectives. They were to drive the enemy from pill boxes and dugouts, out into the open where American marksmanship would be most effective.

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First, you get a detailed picture of pre-war Europe, the lust for personal and political power, for industrial and commercial domination. The rapidly moving scene gives you a complete, panoramic view of that terrific, four year struggle. Then come the peace negotiations, the story of chaotic, post-war conditions.

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On to **MANCHESTER!**

By Dan Sowers

Thousands of Legion Junior Baseballers Have Their Eyes
on the Championship Finals

IT'S great to be a boy these days!

Ask any of the 400,000 or more boys who are cracking the old horsehide around the lots throughout the country, competing in The American Legion's nation-wide junior baseball program. They'll grin and tell you that they are "getting their bats" in baseball at least.

And their battle cry is "On to Manchester!"

Yes, Manchester, New Hampshire, is to be the scene of the 1932 Junior World Series, and every youngster on the nearly thirty thousand Legion teams can give you the real inside dope on just how his team is going to win its way to the top of the heap and get into that series.

Up until five years ago, the boys who wanted to play baseball were up against a pretty tough proposition. If they were really good players or if they attended a big high school where baseball

was played they had a chance to get on the school team, but even then when school was out in June they were about through for the year. If they were not one of the dozen or so out of the hundreds in the big schools who made the teams, or if they were among the hundreds of thousands who didn't go to schools where the game was played, they were usually left to their own resources.

They might scout around and find a vacant lot big enough for a baseball diamond, but by the time they got the weeds cut, the chances were someone would start building a house in front of home plate. In some of the large cities efforts were being made to give the boys a chance to feel a good, hard baseball smack into the mitt, but for the majority of the youngsters baseball was getting to be just something for them to read about on the sports pages.

But the change came five years ago. The boys found they had some mighty good friends in The American Legion and the men of organized baseball. These men with many others not affiliated with either organization have gone a long way to give baseball back to the boys. The Legion had the manpower to organize leagues, coach the boys, and guide them in their play, while the National and American League club owners dug down in their pockets to the tune of \$50,000 a year for the financial support necessary to maintain the annual

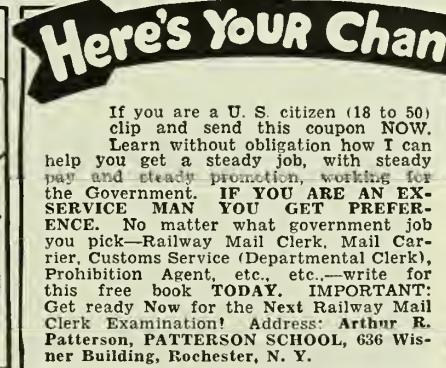
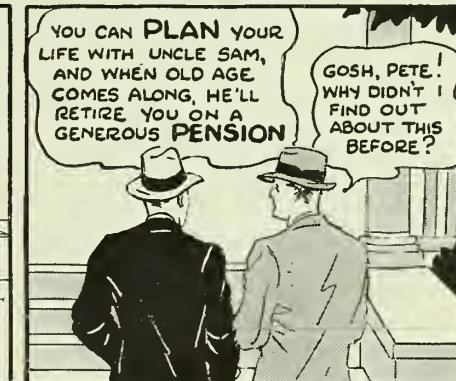
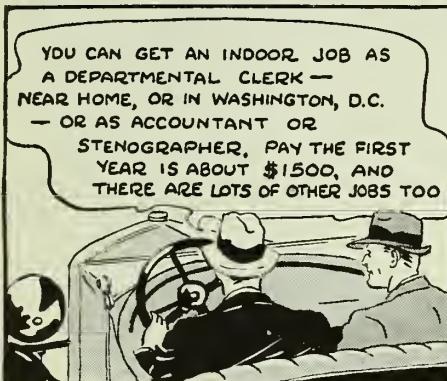
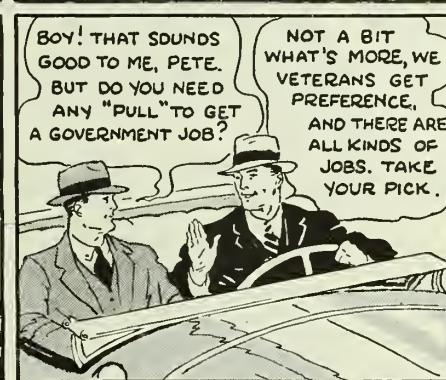


The American boy's inalienable right to play baseball (he'll do it even if he can't get the proper equipment and direction) is one of the reasons why the Legion inaugurated its junior baseball program. More than 400,000 boys are taking part in the competition this year

national competitions. There were a great many difficulties to be ironed out in organizing and conducting such a big plan, for over one hundred twenty-two (Continued on page 50)

RAILWAY MAIL PETE

TELLS A FRIEND HOW TO GET A GOVERNMENT JOB



THROUGHOUT THE NATION THE CHECK-UP
OF REJECTED CLAIMS PROCEEDS, AS THE LEGION WAGES

A NEW FIGHT *for the* DISABLED

By Thomas J. Malone

SHERLOCKING" for hundreds of thousands of disabled service men whose compensation claims have been rejected by the Government, The American Legion is conducting this year, after the plan originated by the Minnesota Department of the Legion, a country-wide campaign to win for them belated justice through helping them present adequate supporting evidence to the United States Veterans Administration.

The Veterans Administration reports that from all the States except Minnesota a total of 600,326 such claims was disallowed as of December 31, 1931. With some deduction for claimants who have died, behind each unit in that total there is a man—some veteran for whom compensation would mean both increased bodily comfort and aid in a process of rebuilding. Along with that man oftentimes there is an old mother or father whom compensation would help to pass more gently down the long trail; a wife whose courageous fight for her family it would make more certain of winning; or children for whom it would insure not only better food, warmer clothing and a brighter home, but greater chance to skate and slide and play games, to spell down and do sums, to be the fine boys and girls and the good citizens that all their countrymen want them to be.

Service officers of the Minnesota Department and of Minnesota posts are now completing a three-year program of painstaking check-up and review of disallowed claims which had accumulated in the Regional Office of the Veterans Bureau ("Administration" only since July 1, 1931) in their State. The survey has been carried on in true detective fashion by following the trails of evidence which led through training camps at home, over the decks and into the holds of transports, into the sick-bays of men-of-war, across the training areas in France and in and out of the

Before the war Dunning had acted as a guide, but his service-incurred disabilities kept him from using axe or paddle. Because the Minnesota Department stayed on the job when his claim was turned down, Dunning was given justice. The Minnesota plan of following through on disallowed claims has been adopted by the Legion nationally

battle lines. As a result, the Legion's workers were able to obtain proofs substantiating the claims of scores of men who had given up their causes as hopeless.

It was this record that led the Legion's National Executive Committee at its meeting last November to direct that the "Minnesota Plan" be carried out by the service workers of every State with the help of the National Rehabilitation Committee. With the national check-up under way, in each State the Legion's service forces are bringing financial succor to hosts of deserving men who are sadly in need of it.

Two things have been basic in the Minnesota Plan. The first is close, friendly, active and constant co-operation with the Legion on the part of the Regional Office of the Veterans Bureau, located at Minneapolis. The second is a select and informed body of post service officers, product of an intensive rehabilitation setup, who go out and "contact" the (Continued on page 44)





U.S. GOVERNMENT JOBS



\$1260 TO \$3400 A YEAR EX-SERVICE MEN GET PREFERENCE

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Steady positions. Strikes, poor business conditions, lockouts or politics will not affect them. U. S. Government employees get their pay for full twelve months every year. There is no such thing as "HARD TIMES" in the U. S. Government Service.

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Railway Postal Clerks now get \$1900 the first year regular, being paid on the first and fifteenth of each month. \$79.16 each pay day. Their pay is quickly increased, the maximum being \$2700 a year, \$112.50 each pay day. They get extra allowance for hotel expenses when away from home.



VACATIONS—PENSIONS, ETC.

Railway Postal Clerks, like all Government employees, are given a yearly vacation of 15 working days (about 18 days). On long runs they usually work three days and have three days off duty or in the same proportion. During this off duty and vacation, their pay continues just as though they were working. When they grow old, they are retired with a pension.

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Rush to me, entirely free of charge (1) a full description of the position checked below; (2) Free copy of illustrated 32-page book, "U. S. Government Positions and How to Get Them"; (3) Tell me how to get the position checked.

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make Oregon an anglers' paradise; inspections of historic Vancouver Barracks, where Grant soldiered; trips that will give you an insight into the important lumber, salmon and textile industries of the Pacific Northwest; and a score more of fascinating tours guaranteed to pack interest into every minute of your stay.

Wondrous highways lead into Portland and radiate from here, through a genuine wonderland of natural beauty. Come by train, by boat, by stage, by airplane, or in your own trusty

motor, but by all means come, for a convention with all of the customary trimmings, plus some others you could find nowhere else. By rail you may take in the whole Pacific Coast from points east at no extra fare—a most unusual chance for an economical Western trip. Sure, bring the C. O. and all of the young non-coms if you can—the whole outfit will be delighted and benefited by this different, stimulating vacation.

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The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

-HAPPILY EVER AFTER

A. E. F. Romances That Bloomed
in 1918 Have Become Hardy
Perennials

by
*A French
War Bride*

WHENEVER we members of the Paris unit of The American Legion Auxiliary meet, our preferred and perennial pastime is the dissection of A. E. F. husbands. We do it capably, affectionately, and painlessly; after more than a decade of experience we have become experts. With an assumed sense of impersonality, we criticize, commend and compare, but in the end we shove barren logic over the cliffs, and woman-like adjudge our husbands to be *hors concours*. This is a haughty, high-brow phrase which defies exact translation, and is worth at least a fur coat or an evening gown from Friend Husband. No English equivalent is available, and so I must hazard a definition of my own:

HORS CONCOURS.—literally, outside the contest; out-classing all competitors; unbeatable; unsurpassable.

Is it possible? Yes, for in the exciting lottery of marriage some women draw blanks; others draw blankety-blanks; while we, French wives of A. E. F. veterans, are convinced we each drew a first prize—the perfect companionship (as far as this is humanly possible) of a man and his mate.

Doubtless, in expressing this judgment, we are guilty of prejudice. *Eh bien*, what of it? Of such ingredients, properly mixed and seasoned by Cupid, is happiness formed. We see our husbands through the glorifying glasses of love; we magnify qualities; we minimize defects, with the result that after a dozen years of marriage, *hors concours* is our mature, considered estimate of them. Such flattery, when sincere, is bad for any man, and so we keep it dark, but they have somehow guessed the truth.

In 1919 this superlative rating of our A. E. F. husbands or sweethearts was entirely human and explicable. Weren't they young, handsome and heroic then? (They were, and they knew it.) Didn't they have oodles of wit and it, even before the latter word in its modern sense was born? (They did.) True, they didn't make the world safe for democracy, but weren't they useful in chasing the invader from France? (Quite correct.) Very well, now you understand why we fell for them and fell for them so hard.

All is changed now, except the falling act, which has become a perpetual feature of our program. We still fall for them, harder than before, but for a newer, better set of reasons. (Facts later



In 1919 this superlative rating of A. E. F. husbands was entirely human and explicable. Weren't they young and handsome?

on.) Back in 1919 and 1920, we gambled our happiness on the chance that we could go on loving each other; we risked our all on the fragile hope that contradictory hereditaries, differing languages, and antithetic viewpoints could somehow be fused. Reason and experience were against us; also the "Advice to the Lovelorn" experts, and still we won our bet.

Old Father Time, to his dishonor be it noted, did not spare the A. E. F. veterans, and he treated some of them rather scurvyly. He diminished their agility, speed and pep; he gave them bald heads or gray hairs; he made them stoop-shouldered and paunch-bellied. In consequence, to the frigid, impersonal observer, our A. E. F. husbands are perhaps as romantic as steam shovels, as handsome as circus clowns. The war psychosis has vanished; prosaic civilian attire has replaced khaki uniforms, while the A. E. F. atmosphere, with its stimulating hopes and thrilling illusions, has been de-bunked.

And yet, today, for our A. E. F. partners, we cherish a deeper, greater and more sincere affection than ever before. Further, it is no temporary concoction of moonlight, music and mush, but a reasoned and informed love, tested by experience, hallowed by mutual devotion, and based on the solid civilian qualities which they have developed since 1919—fidelity, industry, perseverance. They effectively prevent Dan Cupid from going A.W.O.L., even if he wanted to.

How explain it? Oliver Wendell Holmes called it "the electricity of love." Even Mohammed knew the secret centuries ago, for in the Alcoran he writes, "Within each man is a gem concealed which only the Ray of Love can reveal." We possess this miracle-working ray; the casual outsider does not. That is why, within our A. E. F. husbands, we find this hidden gem while he only stubs his toe on a boulder. We behold joys, loyalties and sacrifices, where he sees only blotches and defects. (Every man to his taste, as the Spaniard said when he kissed a cow, but why some persons prefer warts to dimples is beyond me.) He centers his gaze on external, ephemeral excrescences; we, on the inward, eternal realities, and I guess we get the best of the bargain. We, at least, are convinced of it.

Even our friends and neighbors are beginning to glimpse the truth. Fifteen years after the United States entered the World War, they have added a new proverb to the French language. It has neither piquancy nor wit, it must stand or fall on its accuracy. Here it is: "Americans make the best husbands." Our French male folk rather resent this sociological tidbit, but it has entered our language, perhaps to stay. Even our mothers, the French mothers-in-law of part of the A. E. F., are convinced of its correctness and ditto-mark our assertion. This in itself is somewhat

of a miracle; does not the Code Napoleon forbid excessive laudation of one's son-in-law as both absurd and abnormal? Nevertheless, aforesaid proverb is what Madame Duval (Dupont or Duperatte) thinks of John W. Doughboy, married to Mimi, Marcelle or Marguerite. Unexpected, but convincing evidence!

Best of all, the facts confirm this youngish proverb. I have made a ten-year study of the subject; I have delved into consular archives, Legion records, and prefectorial reports; I have gathered data from half a hundred varied but authentic sources, and my reasoned conviction (backed by facts, documents and personal testimonies) is this:

Untarnished and unchilled by Time, 6,000 A. E. F. romances persist in France today, in the form of happy marriages, with 10,000 Franco-American children as a normal by-product. That is a noble consequence of the World War which Woodrow Wilson did not foresee when he addressed Congress on April 2, 1917.

After years of residence in France, these 6,000 A. E. F. husbands of ours are slowly being de-Americanized. Despite a sincere and earnest resistance, they are adopting Parisian prejudices, Gallic standards of value, and French modes of thought. They speak passable, fluent French—with a Kansas or Alabama accent. We have taught them how to eat *foie gras* and *langouste à l'armoricaine* (not very difficult this) but also garlic, frog legs and even snails—at times! By the way, it is quite an error to assume that snails and frog legs are the daily diet of forty million Frenchmen.

They—meaning our marital partners—think in francs instead of dollars, in kilometers instead of miles. They wear *berets*, carry canes, and drink wines—with the sanity and moderation of the average Frenchman; thank heaven, they know nothing of bootleg hooch or synthetic gin. They obediently kiss their French (male) relatives, when the occasion requires, though it gives them no kick, and they have been converted to the French system of tips and dowries, of sidewalk cafes and (protestingly) spying *concierges*. Victims of "spiritual osmosis," a French twist is given to their sentences, a French bias to their minds. In brief, they have become Frenchmen in many respects, but *never in nationality*. That remains American, like their devotion to B. V. D.'s, corn on the cob, and Swanee River folk songs.

"Can the leopard change his spots?" asked the Old Testament prophet. My answer is Yes, and with a modern psychologist I contend: "Man is the most adaptable of human animals, but behavior patterns change slowly." Exactly! For these A. E. F. leopards of ours have not only changed their spots but many other things as well: language and customs, trades and viewpoints, habits and pleasures. There is something magical in some of the transformations effected; black has turned white; cold, hot, and so forth. For example, I know a Presbyterian minister who abandoned preaching (no fake!) to take up winegrowing at Margaux, Gironde. I know a naval engineer who has changed himself into an osteopath. In Pas de Calais, there is a bachelor of architecture who runs the Ambleteuse Hotel. What bizarre jobs these A. E. F. veterans have taken on! They operate garages and cafes, farms and factories; they preach, paint, labor and write for a living.

Directories are usually dull and prosaic volumes, but *Americans in France*, 1931 edition, is the contrary. Here, almost every name conceals a romance, while every entry reveals how Mr. Doughboy, turned civilian, has solved the bread and butter problem:

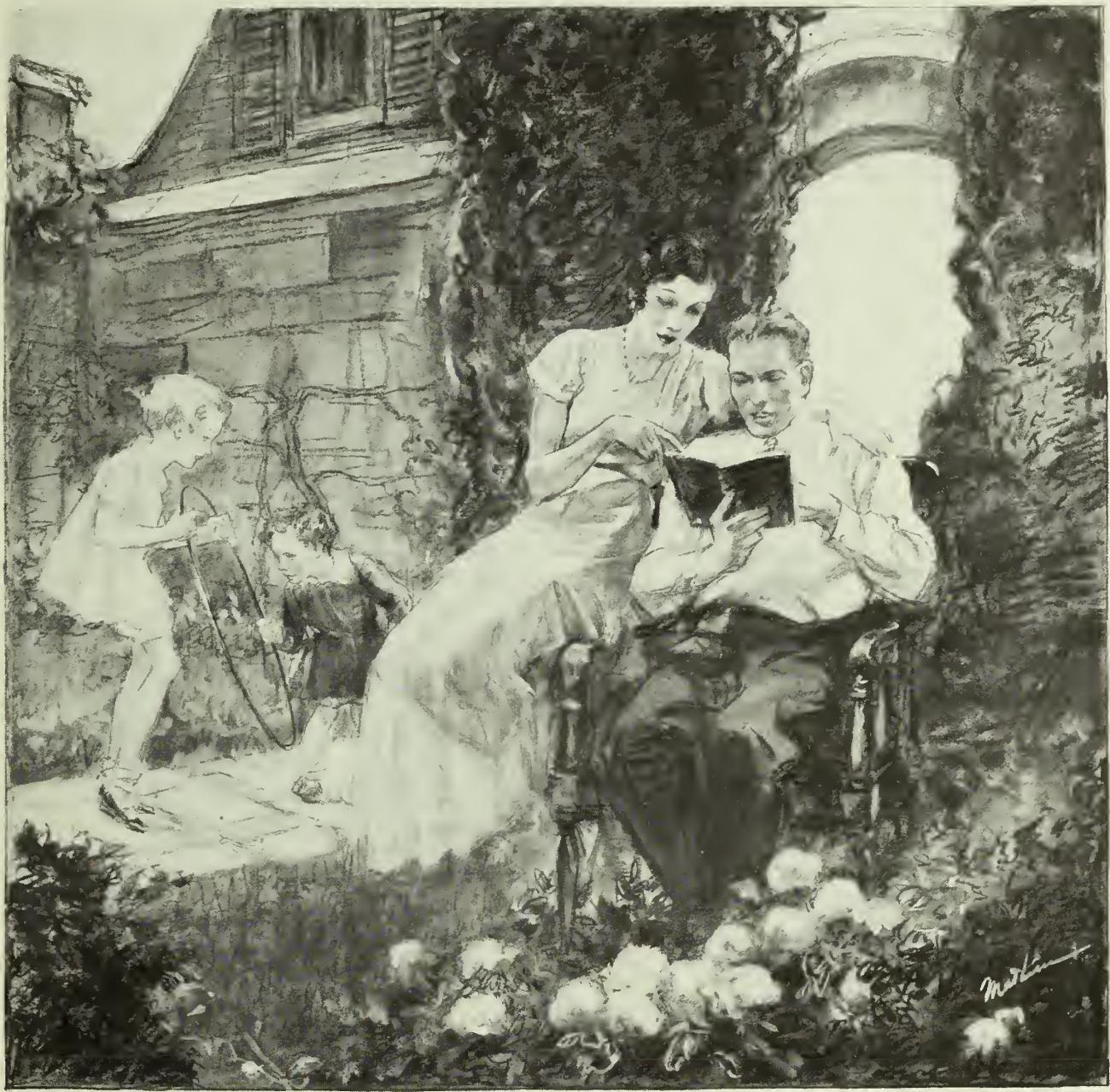
WILLIAMS, the Rev. and Mrs. Clayton E. (Fernande Bourgin), associate pastor, American Church of Paris, 65 quai d'Orsay, Paris. AL

SCHWING, Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. (Germaine Blanche Bonneville), chiropractor, 19 rue Littré, Paris. AL

VAN RIPER, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. (Gilberte Sellie), agriculturist, Chateau de Saint Christeau par Puch, Lot & Garonne. AL

This veteran, it will be noted, lives in a chateau because he is an agriculturist. The A. E. F. farmers, and there are quite a few, must content themselves with a mere farm-house. Continuing:

CUSSANS, Mr. and Mrs. Frank (Valentine Capelle), American vice consul, Cauderan, Gironde. AL



"I have introduced him to Victor Hugo and Pascal and Renan, while he has shown me the wisdom of Emerson and the humor of Mark Twain"

DANFORTH, Dr. and Mrs. John (Renee Dyon), dentist,
39 Cours de l'Intendance, Bordeaux. AL

RAGNER, Mr. and Mrs. Bernhard (Jeanne Montegut),
journalist, 178 Boulevard Pereire, Paris. AL

AL indicates Legion membership. Hundreds of names could be cited in this manner—editors, bankers, teachers, sculptors, engineers, and merchants. One veteran registers himself as "lieutenant U. S. Army retired;" another as a croupier; and a third as a milkman. Only bootleggers are missing.

I have counted no less than eighty-seven distinct and absolutely separate vocations, from cemetery guardians to military attachés. Obviously, most of them reside in Paris or its environs, but A. E. F. veterans are also domiciled in 28 French departments, and in 104 cities or villages—Amiens, Brest, Calais, Dijon, and so on down the alphabet passing by Limoges, Marseilles and Saint Nazaire. These ex-soldiers are of all ranks,

from buck privates to colonels, including Sergeant Ed Cohn, who was orderly to General Pershing—the only enlisted man who ever borrowed money from the Commander-in-Chief.

Military rank, however, doesn't cut much ice in France today; it's the civilian virtues and capacities that count when it comes to getting and retaining jobs, which is no cinch. In this matter, our A. E. F. husbands, quite literally, have shown exceptional talents quite close to genius. That's a big word, but no other fits the facts.

True, a few of the boys had no trouble; they were well-to-do—a feeble minority; some married a French business as well as a French girl—fortunate mortals! Others had specialized knowledge or experience for which there was a definite market in France. But, for the great majority, it was a tough job. How they established themselves in a foreign land; how, in many cases, they learned a new trade; how they compelled a reluctant environment to disgorge a living for them and their families—this is a true story more thrilling, more inspiring than any Horatio Alger novel.

Speaking of federal office-holders,

(Continued on page 44)

*Illustrations
by Hubert Mathieu*

WHAT *they* KNOW about YOU

By Fred C. Kelly

CAREFUL scientific analysis has shown that each little trait you have is either an asset or a liability in carrying on your job, or in getting a new job.

One of the big insurance companies has been tabulating all manner of items that enter into the character or ability of many thousands of salesmen, and they find that if they know enough about a man they can predict with fair accuracy how well he will succeed at his work.

Even a man's height and weight affect his work just that much. If too heavy he will not be inclined to walk as far and talk to as many people as he could if he didn't own so much fat to tote about with him. Height, up to a certain point, is an advantage, but if a man is too tall he may only inspire jealousy and resentfulness. People like to swat a big fellow, unless he handles himself carefully.

No employment manager would hire a man just because of his height or weight. The point is that suitable height is just one more item in his favor—just as ten percent below average height would be a slight disadvantage.

For a man starting at a new line of work, the ideal age is about twenty-six. Those younger than twenty-six seem less desirable to employers because the average man in his early twenties is inclined to try one job after another seeking a quick route to success. He probably does this several times before the idea dawns on him that success is more easily wooed by him who picks out a suitable job and sticks to it. Experience of employers has shown that few men learn this valuable lesson before the age of twenty-six.

Investigation indicates, however, that the man who regularly changes jobs once or twice a year is not likely to be a no-account appearing fellow, but just the reverse. He is usually of good personality, plausible, and agreeable. That is why he is able to quit one job and easily land another. If he had less impressive personality, he might really be better off, for then he would be compelled to stick at one job until he made a success of it.

On the other hand, long service in one place is often an overestimated virtue. While a man shouldn't change his job every month, he probably should change it more than once in a life time. Failure to do so may indicate fear of tackling something new, or lack of adaptability to new environment.

When a man stays on year after year in the same place with only a modest salary, the chances are that he is in a rut. The same is true of a man who waits a long time to reach the top, even though the top rewards are not high. In other words, a man of superior abilities would hardly be content to wait years for a job that doesn't amount to much after he gets it. It often happens that the man at the head of a small business does not equal the average intelligence of his employes. Many of these employes have enough native intelligence to seek other avenues for their ability and will sooner or later quit their present jobs, before they have been there long. The fact that these men are enterprising enough to go elsewhere raises the

average intelligence of the group above that of the boss, who did not know enough to quit and seek greater opportunity. An example of this came to light a time ago when investigation of police departments in Cleveland and Detroit showed that average intelligence of patrolmen was superior to that of sergeants and captains. Since even the highest rewards in the police department are not alluring to men of outstanding intelligence, the superior man is not likely to be found there.

Careful tabulations made by the insurance company investigating traits and attributes of successful salesmen, indicate that married men are more successful, more reliable, and less restless than single men. Yet certain married men are much better than others; and many married men are not as favorable employment risks as single men. The man with a small family, other facts being equal, is nearly always a better salesman than the man who has a large family. If he has one or two children, he is interested in his home and willing to work for it; but if he has five or six children, he faces many domestic problems that may seriously distract his thoughts from his work. Of course, it would be absurd to suggest that having a family of more than a certain size is going to make a man a success or a failure; but the point is that scores of items in his background do serve to determine his success, and as one knows these in advance, there is just that much better chance to estimate the total effects of all.

Membership in a club, or even in a fraternal order is often an advantage to a salesman because of the opportunity to widen his acquaintance. But if a man belongs to two or three clubs, the chances are that his membership becomes a disadvantage, because then he is almost a professional clubman, evidently more interested in club affiliations than in his job.

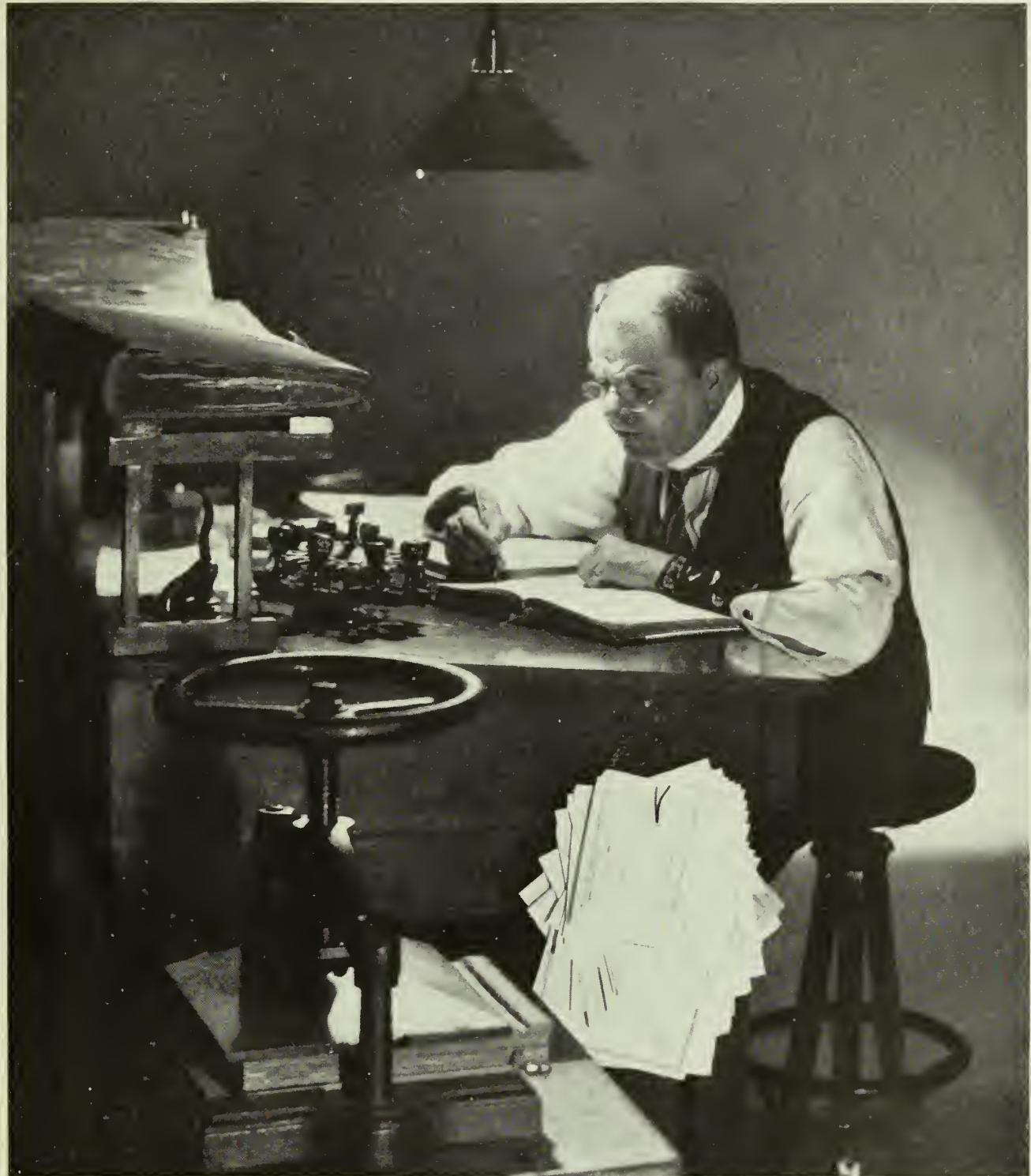
Likewise, holding a minor office in a club gives a man additional opportunities to make acquaintances. But if he has the chief office in the club, he may then find himself seriously handicapped, because the club requires so

HIS height and weight may have as much to do with a salesman's success or failure as personality and education. And there are a dozen other considerations just as vital. What are they?

much of his time that he has not enough left to devote to his regular work.

Generally speaking, salesmen who rent their homes are likely to be more aggressive in their earlier years than if they are home owners, for the obvious reason that the man who has to face the monthly rent bill is necessarily ever on the alert to earn that required payment. Both renters and home owners are vastly better salesmen than men who are boarders.

While there is a tendency for a renter to be more aggressive as



PHOTOGRAPH BY N. LAZARNICK

"When a man stays on year after year in the same place with only a modest salary, the chances are that he is in a rut. Failure to change jobs may indicate fear of tackling something new"

a salesman than if he owned his own home, yet home owners are more permanent and more inclined to stay on a job a long time. Moreover, a home owner is a vastly better risk with care of money. Indeed, compilation of figures regarding several thousand salesmen indicates that danger of objectionable conduct is more than 400 times greater with a renter or boarder than with a home owner.

Education is sometimes more of a liability than an asset. If a man is better educated than people he must deal with, and lets them know it, he won't be as successful as if he were more of their own educational level. A well-educated young bank clerk took a job selling insurance in a district where he had to deal with a rather humble class of people, and the work did not interest him.

He did not do well simply because he unconsciously felt somewhat aloof from the people he met. Another man went into the same territory and made a tremendous success because he found the people there to be his own sort, of about the same degree of education as himself. He always carried candy in his pocket for the children. As soon as he entered a home, the children surrounded him and showed their affection for him. This made for friendship and confidence of the parents. Another item that made for his success was that he did not mind dirt. Many of the homes he entered were rather slovenly, where the best of housekeeping arrangements did not always prevail; but he was nevertheless at his ease.

The big insurance company found that (*Continued on page 42*)

NATURE'S CAMOUFLAGE PROTECTS THE
WEAK AND SLOW BIRDS AND ANIMALS, SO THAT

Now You See 'Em, *Now You Don't*

By Alexander Sprunt, Jr.

ON A November day some years ago I was walking through the woods of the Carolina mountains. I had a definite purpose in that walk and, though the beauty of the multi-colored foliage made it difficult for me to keep my eyes on the ground, I endeavored to do so because it was the ground that particularly interested me at the moment. It was very still; a profound quiet wrapped the forest with that strange intangible drumming which so characterizes the highland solitudes. Suddenly that stillness was shattered into shreds; a quick, thunderous roar burst from beneath my very feet. A compact brownish shape leaped upward into the air, only to dart around the trunk of a mighty hemlock and disappear instantly from sight.

I stood staring, the gun in my hands not even having been raised. I had been distinctly startled and taken completely aback by the very thing I had been looking for! I had hoped to flush a ruffed grouse that afternoon and had hoped to secure one, for I wanted a skin of the bird badly. Half of my intention had been

fulfilled; I had flushed a grouse, undoubtedly, but . . . I had not shot at it!

As I walked on I felt rather foolish and I can easily believe that there are many who can understand my feelings. It was fortunate, I thought, that the larder did not depend altogether on me to replenish it. That thought, however, was quickly displaced by another which must inevitably occur to anyone in like case. It was in regard to that wonderful provision of nature which caused the grouse to depart in safety. I had not seen the bird until it appeared in the air amid that thunder of its rounded wings. I had not seen it although I was watching the ground carefully, expecting that such a bird might be there. I might have stepped upon it if it had not risen. Why? Because its mottled browns, blacks and buffs had blended so perfectly with the forest floor that my eyes could not discern the wearer; because of that much discussed phenomenon which is known among students of the subject, for want of a better term, as "protective coloration."

To those who enjoy arguments, the broaching of this subject amid a gathering of scientists would result in a plenitude of satisfaction. Adherents of it and enemies against it would be many and should the discussion rage for hours,



YOU CAN'T
MISS HIM

And yet the giraffe, tallest of animals, is invisible when browsing among the mimosa trees which supply him with much of his daily food

CONSPICUOUS AS A LIGHTHOUSE

That is, in captivity. But in the shimmering heat haze of Africa the zebra's blatant stripes fuse into a whiteness that saves him from his foes

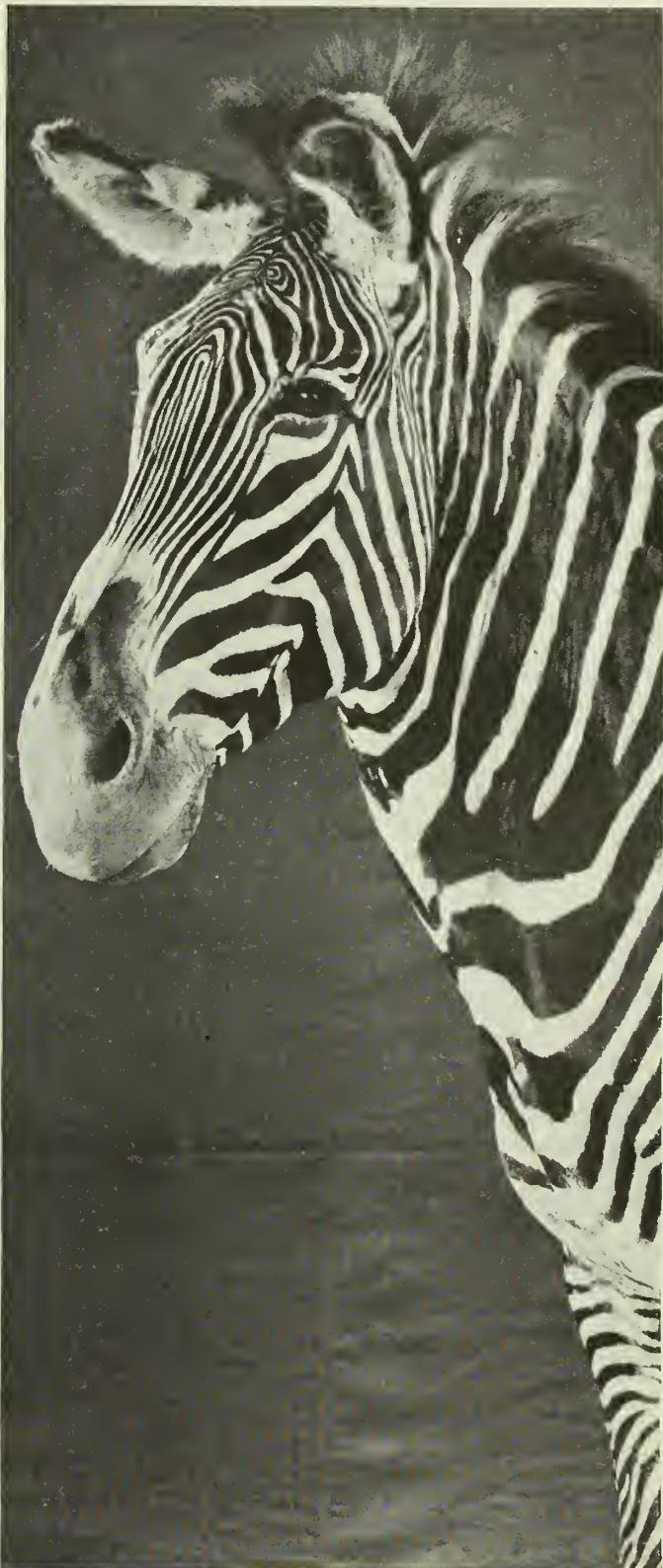
a listener might well wonder what result was reached. Neither adherents nor objectors would be nearer agreement and the question would have had only another session ending nowhere. And yet this, one of nature's greatest puzzles, seems entirely new to the great majority of people; it is singularly little thought of although evidences of it are to be seen in every zoological park and local countryside throughout the world itself. These are days of conservation; man is attempting to preserve diminishing wild life but it does not occur to many to consider what nature herself has been doing in this work for centuries.

A zoo is a grand place to hear remarkable comments; to anyone suffering from the blues, the writer recommends a visit to a zoo on a crowded day. If he knows anything about natural history so much the better. The blues will probably be forgotten in short order. For instance, could anyone fail to generate at least an internal smile on hearing an old lady, after a careful scrutiny of a giraffe, say to her companion, "I do declare, it don't hardly look human." That old lady's wonderment at the animal before her would have been even greater had she realized just what part its uncouth form and peculiar markings play in its daily existence on the sunny plains of Africa.

It was almost a generation ago that an artist, Abbott Thayer, pointed out the fact that the majority of land animals were darker on their upperparts and lighter on the underparts, many being quite a striking combination of lights and shadows. He chose to term this "obliterative coloration" and proved rather conclusively that it tended toward rendering the wearer more or less invisible when at rest. Anyone who has watched fish swimming in a tank from above, will have been impressed by this peculiarity. Mr. Thayer, by many experiments and explanations, broadcast his theories widely and might be termed the modern crusader in the "protective coloration" theory, though this is but a narrowed way of expressing his findings.

It is not to be supposed for a moment by any thinking person that the wide variety of color variation apparent in birds and animals is utterly without reason. It is certainly not just a "happen-chance." It is evidently a direct working of natural forces which adjusts the wearers of these combinations to the needs of their environments and aids them in the eternal struggle for existence. However, one cannot go so far as to assert that this idea underlies all phases of animal color. It is because some have claimed that it does that there are such bitter enemies to the theory as a whole. In a word, some adherents of protective coloration have claimed too much for it. Its enemies say that it is simply a "bookish" explanation of something which has no foundation in field experience. This view is as radical and unwarranted as the one which claims too much.

Those who are willing to view the matter sanely and who have had experience in both laboratory and field, are agreed that a reasonable division of the theory falls into three groups which may be termed "protective," "warning" and "imitative coloration." It is among birds, perhaps, that the protective type all but reaches perfection. In the case of the ruffed grouse it is abundantly proved. In other birds it is just as effective. I recall once flushing a chuck-will's-widow from her eggs; this peculiar bird, a dweller in southeastern parts of this country, is a near relative of the whip-poor-will. Its plumage of browns and blacks in various shadings is indistinguishable amid its habitat of the leaf covered ground, or the lichen covered limbs of live-oaks, and the bird relies upon it with confidence which is invariably justified. I saw the eggs as soon as the bird left them. There was no nest, or



any semblance of one. A wire fence ran along through the open woods about six feet distant from the eggs and a dense thicket grew up about the strands just where I was standing. Marking the position of the eggs as nearly as possible with my eyes, I returned later the same day and coming cautiously up behind the thicket, peered through it. The eggs were not to be seen. Since I had not disturbed them in the least, there was no reason to believe that the bird had removed them, as is sometimes the case, so I inferred that the chuck was, at that moment, sitting on them before me.

I lay there for ten minutes searching every foot of the ground with critical gaze. The bird was simply not to be seen. At last I concluded that she must have moved (*Continued on page 50*)

Pinning Down C

Isolation of the Most Elusive
of the Vitamins May Change
Our Whole Dietary System

By Dr. C.G. King
As Told to Alexander Gardiner

FOR six years a group of us at the University of Pittsburgh have been seeking to isolate and identify Vitamin C, the most elusive and unstable of the vitamins. It was established some years ago that this vitamin is present in fresh meats and vegetables, citrus fruits and sprouted whole grains, among other foods. It had also been known for years that a deficiency of Vitamin C in the diet prevented development of proper tooth and bone structure, and was the basic cause of scurvy and other "deficiency" conditions.

But the study of this particular nutrient principle has had perforce to be carried on in a sort of twilight zone. A biological chemist could determine that Vitamin C was present in a given organism or foodstuff, but he could not separate it from other units and study its specific functions independently.

Some six weeks ago we succeeded in the task of isolating this vitamin, using lemon juice concentrates, crystalline in character and about twenty thousand times more active than lemon juice, on a weight basis. If we could supply them, a single pound of the most active of these concentrates, taken at regular intervals, would furnish a human being with all the Vitamin C he needed over his entire life span. Approximately the same amounts of concentrates of Vitamins A and B, and a smaller amount of Vitamin D, would give this mythical individual all he needed of those vitamins during his life. Probably none of these other vitamins has been prepared as yet in pure form, except D, but much has been learned of their chemical and physical nature, and we may expect their isolation in the near future. A full knowledge of these nutrient principles (and that knowledge ought to be available within a few years) will doubtless cause a revolutionary change in the world's dietary. It is perhaps not too fantastic to expect that we shall be able to eat much less and accomplish much more, individually and as a nation.

How may we be sure that we are getting a sufficient amount of Vitamin C in our diet?

Well, tomatoes either raw or canned, potatoes and raw cabbage are excellent and cheap sources, and oranges offer a pleasant and at the present time fairly inexpensive way to get the vitamin. The American practice of serving fruits and fruit juices for breakfast and fresh vegetable or fruit salads at luncheon and dinner cannot be commended too highly, for these dishes offer a wholly satisfactory and natural way of supplying the vitamin.

On the other hand, it would not be hard to choose an apparently satisfactory diet from the shelves of a modern delicatessen store and get no Vitamin C. Such a diet if persisted in would bring death to any human being in the course of a few months.

Oranges, lemons and limes properly kept retain their supply of Vitamin C for long periods, whereas vegetables quickly lose it as their freshness wears off. But once the citrus fruits are cut open they should be eaten, as then they also lose the vitamin. With the isolation of C it may be possible to find a remedy for this loss of the vitamin.

An adequate supply of home raised fresh meats and vegetables grown nearby is highly desirable. The vitamin's comparative stability in the citrus fruits is of great help in the winter time, though thanks to the latest methods of refrigeration, among other factors, the people of the northern section of our country are no longer without fresh green vegetables during the winter. Goldsmith's famous lines in "The Deserted Village"—

"A time there was, ere England's griefs began
When every rood of ground maintained its man"—

come to mind. Goldsmith was lamenting the growth of trade and industry and the rise of the cities, with the consequent abandonment of farms and villages, but the idea of getting food from the



place where you live is just right, in the light of what we now know about nutrition. England imports a great deal of her food-stuffs, and her people probably owe much of their tooth troubles to this circumstance.

Scurvy is the most common disease growing out of a deficiency of Vitamin C. As I have indicated, it is a disease which attacks bones and teeth, with fatal results if the deficiency is long continued. It has never been endemic in the United States, although there were outbreaks of it in both armies during the Civil War,

DR. KING is professor of chemistry at the University of Pittsburgh. The isolation of Vitamin C is a personal triumph, Dr. King having conceived and directed the work throughout. He was assisted by six of his graduate students

and when there was a potato shortage in 1916 it made its appearance in some correctional institutions. Usually people think of scurvy as a disease among sailors that was conquered before the days of steam, but Professor Alfred F. Hess, the great authority on the disease, points out that it is an ever present threat to a world that must rely upon annual crops to escape its ravages. When these crops fail, particularly in the less civilized portions of the globe, scurvy comes on apace. The best medical opinion holds that even under the most advantageous conditions of living a large percentage of the world's population is suffering from a mild form of scurvy, due to the excessive refining to which much of our food is subjected, and its consequent Vitamin C deficiency. Here again, study of Vitamin C in its pure form may help us with a difficult problem.

Before scurvy's cause and the remedy were discovered in the

latter part of the eighteenth century it had killed more sailors than any other causes incidental to sea life, including the great slaughter of naval warfare. It was the famous Captain Cook, the English circumnavigator, who first found a way to rout the dread disease. In a voyage lasting nearly three years he lost only one of a crew of 118, and that one not from scurvy. Up to that time a voyage half as long would have wiped out the crew. Cook took along a quantity of whole grains, particularly barley, and as occasion required steeped the grains in water. When they began to sprout he made a brew of them and served it to his crew.

That today is the cheapest way of getting Vitamin C. Oats, barley, corn, peas and lentils, which in themselves contain no Vitamin C, will yield it when they sprout in water. A gruel may then be made of the germinated grain. There is practically no limit to the length of time these whole grains may be kept before being steeped in the water.

Roy Chapman Andrews's expedition to the Gobi Desert a few years ago was nearly annihilated by scurvy. It had been expected that it would be possible to get fruits, meat and vegetables en route. When this expectation was not realized the entire party came down with the disease and got back to civilization just in time.

Stefansson proved that in Arctic explorations a diet made up entirely of fresh meat would ward off this disease, while the Byrd expedition's anti-scorbutic on the trip to the South Pole was a large quantity of concentrated, dried lemon juice. So far as I know, the expedition had no scurvy during its long stay in the Antarctic.

During the World War 7500 Indian troops serving in Mesopotamia were stricken with scurvy and the British government sent a corps of some 250 men to plant gardens all over Mesopotamia. Members of the corps also supplied packages of seeds to soldiers in the various units. The resultant output of vegetables was enormous, at Bagdad alone totaling 400,000 pounds. These vegetables wiped out the disease.

Until this year, there was some justification for those who liked



SOME SOURCES OF VITAMIN C

Citrus fruits and vegetables are richest in this nutrient principle whose isolation sets the stage for a study that will one day make it possible for you to eat much less than you now do and accomplish much more

to be guided by a Missourian philosophy or indulged themselves in a "Doubting Thomas" rôle, in saying: "Vitamins are all a myth. Nobody ever saw one!" With the isolation of C and D in crystalline form, so that they can be studied as one would study sugar or salt, the mystery of the vitamins gives way to a clearer picture of what they are and what they do.

NEVER AGAIN

in these

UNITED STATES

A PERSONAL VIEW

By Frederick Palmer

NOW for the summing up in a personal view; for the gist of it all, the truth of it all—beyond the paper plans of prosperity which we have all eagerly read—about all of us for all of us. The more I saw and the more I heard—listening to the answers of thousands of questions on the spot—the more I was convinced as I traveled from sea to sea and border to border of our country for the most national of magazines—that there is something wrong with the way the gigantic national corporation is conducting its primary business of making a living for us all. Such hard times as we have recently known may be in order in Europe, and certainly in China, but not in the United States.

I had a basis for comparisons. This was not my first trip of the kind nor my first personal experience of a depression. I had been in every State of the Union before I was thirty. When I left school I wore out shoe leather going from door to door, to be told:

"We're not taking men on, but discharging them"—which sometimes included the advice, "Back to the farm for you, son, until better times."

I know how it felt not to have enough to eat because I could not get a job, and worry as to how I should pay for my next night's lodging when there was snow on the park benches. But there was more excuse for depression in those days than today.

In the last six months I have talked with men who raise cattle, swine, sheep, and chickens; with wheat, corn, and fruit growers—with all who produce food from where winter blizzards rage to where it is summer the year around.

And with railroad brakemen and presidents; miners and the men at filling stations, and coal and iron operators, and the kings of automobile manufacture; the heads of village stores and great department stores; constables, mayors, and governors; laborers, bankers, stock exchange men, and realtors; salesmen who are doing little selling and collectors who are doing little collecting; the women at the workbenches or before the looms of great factories and men who handle hot steel ingots; father and mother and the children very generally; freshmen and college presidents; prize-fighters and clergymen; veterans who won the war singlehanded and some who are now wondering who did win it: tramps who never did like work and now have an excuse for not working; those too proud to admit their distress; overworked drivers for relief funds and directors of relief agencies.

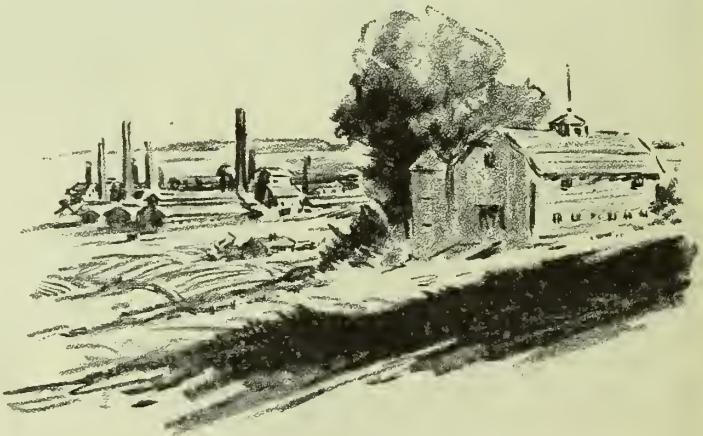
As I listened to the appeals of special interests and sections, I had moments of scepticism lest the United States were too big and varied to hold together in that teamplay of one for all and all for one which produces common prosperity.

Then at a railroad station, where there were long lines of idle cars on the sidings, I would recall the passing of crowded troop and supply trains when war plans were hampered by a

car shortage. In idle steel plants I would recall the time when three shifts full blast could not meet the war demands for steel; in the sight of stuffed grain elevators, the time when they were empty and calling for the farmers to grow more grain to feed war's capacious maw; in idle textile factories, when the looms could not weave cloth for uniforms fast enough; in idle shipyards, when we were building new shipyards in mad haste to put together vessels to make an ocean bridge for the crossing of our troops to France.

There was more than enough work and fighting for all of us in 1918 as we rounded up the slackers and sluggards under the "Work or Fight" order. Sectional and personal interests were absorbed in an unprecedented national teamplay. Even before we entered the war the war market for munitions and supplies set us a swift industrial pace for large profits and high wages.

Do I hear a whisper that my prescription for the return of prosperity is another war? Veterans who have seen war first-hand know better. This would pile more post-war troubles on top of the post-war troubles that already afflict us. The cure would be worse than the hair of a dog that bit you. It would be



inoculating the dog with rabies and inviting him to bite you again.

Why can't we achieve in peace soberness what we achieved on a war spree? Why can't our people, who co-ordinated on the foreign mission job of beating the kaiser, co-ordinate on the home mission job of beating the depression? It has been said that the false war prosperity was partly owing to the withdrawal of four million men for the Army and Navy from productive labor. So the rest of us were kept busy supplying their needs. But we have six or seven million unemployed, with more millions on part-time, without making a healthy or even a false peace prosperity.

Wherever I went I heard the call for money—more and more



*Cartoon by
John Cassel*

money for relief work, for food and shelter, to pay for upkeep and prevent mortgage foreclosures. If everybody had more money it would appear that good times would soon be with us again.

We find that we had fifteen billions more of gold, or gold credits, at the end than at the beginning of the war. Hitherto, we had been a heavy borrower from Europe of funds to develop the natural resources of a new country. Now we had the largest gold reserve in the world. Instead of borrowing abroad we had money to lend abroad. In recent years we may have lost some of our billions to Europe, but we still have many more billions than before the war.

Yet with this plethora of money we have these hard times—recalling the old saw of the man starving with a lump of gold in his hand. So just having a lot of money does not make prosperity. Everybody may well ask:

"Who's got all this money, anyway? What is it doing? Why don't I see more of it?"

We must plan so that in future relief may be both surer and quicker, when misfortune reaches out its calamitous hand

After the war our bankers put our money to work on mortgages on new office and apartment buildings; in credit for the expansion of industrial enterprises; in financing instalments on all manner of things from radios and washing machines to automobiles; in the flotation of corporation bonds and bonds for new roads, new streets, new public buildings and varied state and municipal improvements. Everywhere the drill, rivet and steam shovel were sounding the ear-wracking paean of prosperity. All this made more business and employment.

It is always easy to lend money—quite as easy to lend it abroad as at home. Our bankers had had little experience in international finance before the war. We lack the governmental co-ordination with great central banks which the European governments have for this role.

In France, for example, the president, premier, ministers of foreign affairs and finance, and often the chief of staff of the army, sit in council over a proposed foreign loan. They consider if it is to the interest of France that it should be made. When Germany owed France such a vast sum for reparations, she took no German bonds, gave Germany no short term credits. It was America largely, and England (Continued on page 46)

777 North Meridian

By Marquis James

THE first National Headquarters of The American Legion were the o. d. trunk lockers of Colonel Milton J. Foreman, Field Artillery, American Expeditionary Forces, France.

A branch office had its being in the brief case of the lately demobilized Lieutenant Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Infantry, at New York City and Oyster Bay.

Everything was tentative, even the name, American Legion, adopted by a caucus of veterans held in Paris in March, 1919, and remarkably representative of the rank and file of the A. E. F.

The caucus had left Foreman in charge of the organization, or rather the idea of an organization, to which it had given birth. Roosevelt was the agent of liaison in the United States, that the veterans on both sides of the water might work in accord. Upon Roosevelt, and the men he gathered about him, devolved the

back-breaking work of promoting the caucus held at St. Louis in May to bring in the two-thirds of our military and naval forces who had not served in France. At Paris representation had been by service units, the only thing possible. At St. Louis it was by States, and every State except one sent delegates.

St. Louis endorsed and enlarged the Paris idea and took steps to give it form and substance. Temporary National Headquarters, to use the full and official title, were opened in four or five rooms in West Forty-fourth Street, New York City, where the lights burned every night. The rent and other expenses were defrayed by money borrowed on a note for \$257,000 signed by 213 Legionnaires residing in more than half of the States, banks requiring this wholesale endorsement because they sensed the probability of having to collect from the endorsers. In those teeming rooms

in Forty-fourth Street evolved, in a few days, an organization that one may recognize as the ancestor of the National Headquarters of The American Legion today. A Finance Committee raised and a Treasurer administered funds. A State Organization Committee stimulated the formation of Legion headquarters in each State and under them the formation of posts. A Legislative Committee at Washington obtained a charter of incorporation from Congress and took the first steps in the Legion's long fight for the disabled. A War Risk Insurance Division, the progenitor of the present National Rehabilitation Committee, acted as the veterans' representative before the chaotic Government bureau of that name. A Speaker's Bureau, a Publicity Division and The American Legion



The National Headquarters Building of The American Legion on the War Memorial Plaza in Indianapolis represents the fulfilment of a pledge given at the first national convention held in Minneapolis in 1919 when Indianapolis was made by vote the National Headquarters city of The American Legion

Weekly carried the word of the Legion's aspirations and objects to the country.

In December, 1919, Lemuel Bolles descended from a train at Indianapolis, inquired his way to the Meridian Life Building, took up a claw hammer and began helping to open large wooden boxes. Mr. Bolles was the National Adjutant of The American Legion, elected by the National Executive Committee following the first national convention at Minneapolis in November. Bolles had been at the Paris



The Legion's building is one of many notable features of the War Memorial Plaza, five blocks long, which was completed at a cost of \$15,000,000 by the State of Indiana, the city of Indianapolis and Marion County. A sunken garden, an obelisk, a fountain and a Memorial Shrine in the form of a 200-foot tower add beauty to this most impressive of all American World War Memorials

Caucus, he had been at the temporary headquarters in New York, he knew the ropes. The boxes contained the archives of the Legion. In a few days they were in places where a staff could get at them—that is, had there been any staff. The New York staff had been composed chiefly of volunteer workers, who now had their own concerns to think of, and of local help that had no desire to take the advice of Horace Greeley. But from hither and yon Bolles collected people and in ten days National Headquarters of The American Legion was a going concern.

A visitor to National Headquarters today, and there are many of them, enters a stone building of Greek pattern, technically known as No. 777 North Meridian Street. It stands in the Indiana War Memorial Plaza, a park in the heart of Indianapolis, a block wide and five blocks in length. Leaving the elevator on the third floor one faces an interior room of great length, well but not showily furnished, and softly lighted. This is the general foyer, communicating with the offices of the national officers of the Legion and the chiefs of administrative divisions of the headquarters. At the far end is a large portrait of Lincoln, under lights. On the other walls pictures and mementoes of the Legion's extensive museum of such things engage the visitor. There are large likenesses of Woodrow Wilson and Pershing, of Frederick W. Galbraith, Jr., and John R. McQuigg, the two Past National Commanders of the Legion who have finished their labors on earth. There are autographed greetings from the Prince of Wales, from the late Sir Douglas Haig, and from President Poincaré. On a pedestal rests a stone from the chateau at Rouen where Jeanne d'Arc was confined.

The administrative power of The American Legion between national conventions is vested in the National Executive Committee, of which the National Commander is chairman. There is one member from each State, and the National Vice Commanders, the National Chaplain, the National Adjutant and the Past National Commanders also are members. Meetings are held four times a year. The committee room is on the fourth or top floor of the National Headquarters building, a spacious and dignified chamber. The walls are of oak. On the left of the presiding officer's dais are the national colors, on the right the red flag of the National Commander. Five rows of desks converge toward the dais, each with a bronze ink stand bearing the name and the seal of the State of its occupant. Behind the presiding officer's chair is Reni Mel's original painting of heroic size entitled "America," a gift of the French Republic. M. Mel was an official artist of the Ministry of War. "America" shows an American infantryman, tin hat tipped back and blouse open at the throat, reaching to grasp a wounded poilu.

The American Legion is a corporation, doing business under a charter of the United States Government, which for practical purposes differs little from a state charter of incorporation. In the early days of the Republic all corporations were chartered by Congress, but when they began to become numerous the authority was delegated to States. National Commander Henry L. Stevens is the president of the corporation and chairman of its board of directors, the National Executive Committee.

A caller is more likely to find the Commander attending a conference in Kansas City or addressing (Continued on page 56)

WITH THE BATTLE FOR THE COUNTRY'S
UNEMPLOYED MILLIONS MORE THAN HALF WON

The Legion PRESSES ON

By Mark T. McKee

Executive Director, National Employment Commission, The American Legion

AS THE American Legion approaches the goal which we set for ourselves in the dark days of last winter—the finding or creation of work which would put a million unemployed wage earners back to self-respect and independence—we find that our job has only begun. We cannot stop. We could, if we chose, rest on our laurels. We might be justified, having been to the front, fought a good fight, captured our objective, in returning now to the rest area and settling down to a long period of relaxed content, happy in the knowledge of a big job well done.

When the battle orders went out for the big jump-off in the War Against Depression on February 15th, no small number of people believed that we were aiming at an objective which was impossible of accomplishment. But we who had planned this campaign from the administrative end knew that the ultimate success of it rested on the loyal rank and file of the Legion, and we based our conviction that we would achieve success on the sturdy faith we had in the unselfish devotion and ideals of its membership. That loyalty and that faith did not fail us.

On April 14th—one day less than two months from the official opening of the campaign—we passed the 500,000 mark. In that short space of time, much of which was devoted to organization work, we were able to reach half way to our goal. But although on that date we had reached the half way mark numerically, we had gone far beyond it in this respect: We had shown that a seemingly impossible task is not impossible at all if it is tackled with the spirit of self-sacrifice, courage and service that the men of The American Legion had shown. We had shown in other words that it was possible to do something about the depression which has held our country in its grip for two unhappy years.

Eight years ago, The American Legion accomplished fully another task which in its beginnings seemed based on a forlorn hope. That was the raising of a \$5,000,000 endowment fund to insure that for all time we should have in each year the money we need to perform our duty to the disabled service men and the orphans of veterans. That task was accomplished only because every State, practically every post, did its part. Every post stood up and was counted.

The call today is for every post to stand up and be counted. The post in a town with no unemployed may proudly stand upon its fortunate lot. But the post in a town where the need for organized effort is overwhelming is confronted by the challenge of its own conscience. Until it rallies to the performance of duty, it will be missed. Its absence will be noted. The posts already in the battle call to it.

Wherever full energy has been put into our campaign, in this War Against Depression, we have seen great results. What happened in New York State shows what can be done in any other section. When intensive work was begun under the chairmanship of Colonel William J. Donovan, loyal Legionnaire and

former commander of the "Fighting 69th" Infantry, it was trailering the leaders in the employment campaign. Soon it jumped into the lead and held it.

When Colonel Donovan started to organize the State less than fifty posts were active and jobs obtained since the start numbered 10,286. New York was well down in the line, but under the colonel's expert direction it shortly went to the head of the column and is there as I write, although for weeks Minnesota was a good runner-up.

Colonel Donovan's first act was to send out what he called a "two-question questionnaire" which, as the phrase implies, asked each commander in the State outside of New York City two questions. One was whether there were any unemployed in his town or city, and the other whether, in event there were, he considered a drive by the Legion necessary and advisable. A self-addressed, stamped envelope was enclosed and inside of twenty-four hours the replies came back by the hundred. These were studied and it was found that over 350 towns and hamlets had little or no unemployment and that therefore a drive in them was unnecessary. This gave the committee a firm foundation, as it could direct the campaign without lost motion.

Personal letters were written to the commanders where a campaign was needed and in these Colonel Donovan offered every aid his committee could give. Almost immediately the number of active posts began to increase until, on May 1st, there were 356 doing splendid work. There was some difficulty at first in getting weekly reports, but when the commanders or chairmen of committees were shown the necessity, the reports came in with

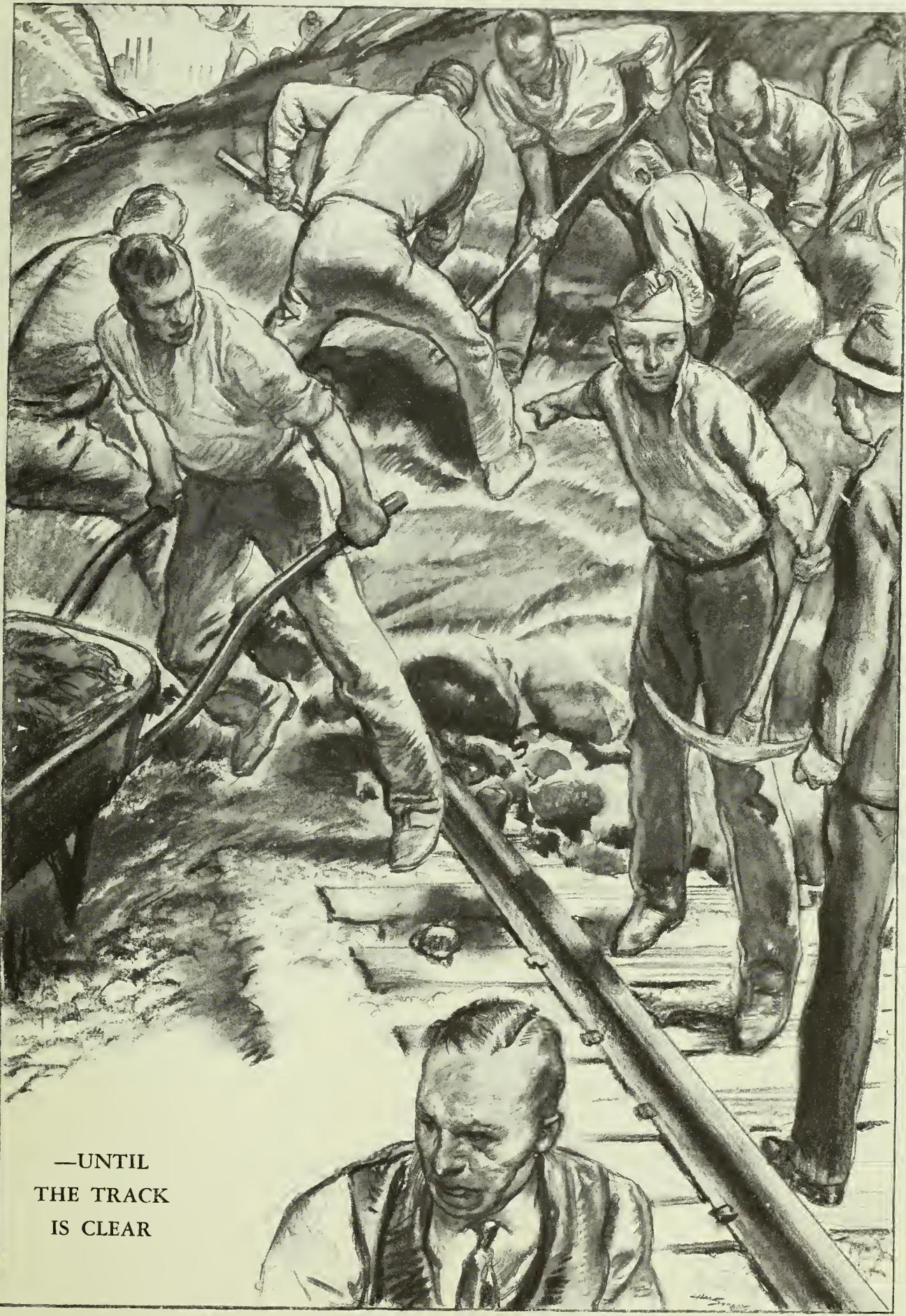
regularity. Any piece of good work brought a personal letter from Colonel Donovan, who, in spite of his many activities, seemed always to have time to write a letter of

TREMENDOUS burdens placed on public and private relief agencies during the winter have produced a crisis. The need for Legion help to the unemployed is greater than ever

commendation. The colonel was ably assisted by State Commander Moses G. Hubbard, Jr., and State Adjutant Maurice Stember. There was ground for mutual congratulations when May 1st the record showed that the active posts had found 60,000 jobs for wage earners in the State. The posts are now looking for at least another 50,000.

What New York State and its local posts have accomplished indicates the scope of the fine work which follows intensive organization. That, it would seem to me, is to be our new objective as we press onward and onward against the retreating foe.

It has been the assumption of many that if we could assist in pulling the country through the cold and hard days of winter, conditions surely would be better with the coming of warm weather, and the great army of the (Continued on page 54)



—UNTIL
THE TRACK
IS CLEAR

Drawing by Herbert M. Stoops

The MAN Meets the JOB

Final Instalment of Employment Ideas in the Monthly's
Competition for Legion Posts

WHEN The American Legion Monthly's competition for Legion posts presenting employment ideas ended on April 20th plans had been received from posts in thirty-one States and the District of Columbia. The competition was announced in the December, 1931, issue of the Monthly, and the name of the winner of the Aiken bronze sculpture, to be awarded the post submitting "the most workable, most adaptable local program for meeting the unemployment crisis," will be announced in the July issue. The editors of the Monthly and the members of the Legion's National Employment Commission, acting as judges, are going through the entries of the various posts and the supplementary material submitted with the entries to determine which plan is best.

Herewith is presented the final group of post plans. Because of space limitations it was impossible to print all of the entries, but failure to be included in the lists published in the February to June issues does not mean that a post has no chance for the prize. All posts competing stood on an equal footing when their entries were presented to the judges, whether or not their respective plans had been printed in this magazine. As in previous instalments of employment ideas, no significance is to be attached to the order in which the following plans are presented.

BAYWAY POST
Elizabeth, New Jersey

THIS is a tale of what we DID . . . not what we're going to do. The unemployed of Linden were sadly in need of clothing. The mayor asked us to help. We started by having every householder furnished with a printed appeal for old clothes, shoes, or canned goods. Next day twelve big trucks, each manned by a Legionnaire bugler and a squad of Boy Scouts, stormed the entire city. By nightfall, all trucks were back and we left the mayor happy with a boxcar full of the needed articles.

In Elizabeth, the Emergency Relief Administration, having trouble with their "man-a-block" campaign, requested us to help them in a large "sector" of the city. Two thousand homes were assigned us, the idea being to have each householder pledge work at forty cents per hour. Early on the designated collection day, our drum and bugle corps of forty men, thirty-five post members and forty Boy Scouts assembled for the BIG PUSH. Preceded by a loudspeaker truck and to the stirring notes of bugle and beat of drum, the corps paraded over eight miles of streets while their fellow Legionnaires and the Scouts "attacked" the 2,000 houses. We got pledges for over 1,500 hours' labor.

ONEY JOHNSTON POST
Appleton, Wisconsin

WE OFFER this plan as one that is working successfully in relieving unemployment in the city of Appleton, Wisconsin, a city of 25,000 population. Here it is:

1. Committee of 500 citizens and Legionnaires, preceded by

adequate publicity from newspapers, pulpits, theaters, schools, and radio, makes the community "unemployment conscious."

2. Registration of unemployed at Legion office.

3. Concentration on combination man-a-block, building and modernization program, guaranteed employment and staggered shifts in all industries, and continuation of adult education by those unemployed.

The results: Nine hundred and seventy-six unemployed registered at central office. One hundred and seven part-time jobs secured for men, 81 for women. Sixteen full-time jobs secured for men, 11 for women. Over 100 additional jobs promised when favorable spring weather permits. Forty-four employers guarantee uninterrupted employment at present hours and wages from February 15 to June 15 to 3,600 employees. Total additional hours of work secured, 8,850. New building construction promised, \$101,000. Repair construction promised, \$10,600. Thirty-five unemployed students admitted by Lawrence College, with free tuition. One hundred and thirty dollars worth of books and supplies purchased by Appleton Welfare and Relief Council for these unemployed students. Unemployed graduates admitted by Appleton High and Vocational Schools, 31.

The cost of the campaign was \$250 to the Legion and \$500 to the city government, a total of \$750.

LEON J. WETZEL POST
Winona, Minnesota

"NOT Charity but a Chance," is our plan. Here it is: Representatives of civic clubs were banded together into a community service commission. Unemployed were registered at headquarters maintained by Association of Commerce. Statements of registrants were duly investigated to determine most needy, and classified accordingly. Public spirited citizens matched dollar for dollar all proceeds of promotions conducted for benefit of unemployed, which was augmented by voluntary contributions in general, resulting in \$61,500 being available for public improvements, and all being paid out for labor.

Every one of Winona's five thousand homes was canvassed by efficient organization of three hundred men and women, resulting in 2,154 pledge cards for over one-half million dollars of work; 310 men were added to payrolls of local industry, not including odd jobs, as a result of pledges. More than 1,200 cords of wood were sawed by a group under auspices of the commission, the wood coming from tract of land belonging to the city. In excess of 850 cords were delivered to needy homes.

The facilities of the city welfare department dovetailed into plans of this commission and an additional \$18,500 of this department was made available for needy, as well as to provide Christmas cheer for the needy children. Ages of registrants ranged from 16 to 80 years and they were grouped into four classes, according to needs based on size of family or other dependency. Wage scale maintained at forty cents per hour.

Effective publicity in local newspaper as well as the united cooperation of Winona clergy of all denominations was most essential in the welding of patriotism and loyalty to country and



Putting the finishing touches on "1918-1932," the bronze sculpture by Robert Aitken, N. A., which will be awarded the winning post in the Monthly's Employment Competition, which closed on April 20th. The name of the post will be given in the July issue of the Monthly

to fellow man in distress. This plan having been used with immeasurable results the past two winters plans are quietly taking form for the next winter.

GEORGE L. WALTER, JR., POST
Sharpsburg, Pennsylvania

WE HAVE a general committee which consists of four business men and four post members. This committee is divided into the family relief and the school relief, each with a separate chairman, under a general chairman.

Family relief headquarters in a store room. Make rounds of schools and churches, ask each person to give food or clothing or money. Circular telling of needs left at each house. Followed next day by post truck collecting donations. Request food, clothing or money in local paper each week.

Application can be filled in by anyone and handed to any member of the committee or at store room. If for food basket it is sent at once. Truck delivers baskets daily but only once in five days

to a given family. Clothing and coal can be obtained at the rooms. If necessary, truck will deliver coal. Number of families being given baskets, 394. Number of baskets, 3,476 up to March 18th.

School Relief: Arrangements made to have a kitchen at each school, two public and one parochial. Needy children given tickets by the teachers. Women organizations of the churches, Mothers of Democracy and Auxiliary unit take turns each week tending kitchens. Each child is given soup or stew with bread and butter, jelly, doughnuts or any one of a variety of things. Seconds even thirds if they want them. Children are served at noon each day. All food bought at cost or donated. Almost 500 fed daily; 55,726 bowls of soup up to March 18, 1932.

SIDNEY L. SMITH POST
Aberdeen, South Dakota

"GIVE THE LOCAL MAN A JOB" has been the slogan of our employment and relief program which began functioning in October, 1930. A "Civic Night" (*Continued on page 54*)

The DEBT

By Peter
B. Kyne

Part Two

(Conclusion)

BARNEY WHIPPLE'S voice was soft, almost sympathetic, certainly mellowed with sadness. "To be quite frank, Bedlow, I think you're right—somebody *is* trying to frame you. And I have my suspicion as to his identity. Now, quit your belly-aching and let me do the talking. It happened this way, Bedlow. When Barrett discovered his diamond ring had been lifted off his finger while he slept, he reported the theft to me and I ran down the list of men in his tent. I know them all pretty well, hence, by a process of elimination, I dismissed them all from my mind as possible suspects, with the exception of Maher. Somehow, there's something about that bird I don't quite like.

In the first place I have long ago suspected he's a hop, too—"

"Sure he's a hop," The Mongoose agreed. "He planted that coke an' that gun on me while I was asleep. That's the guy wot done it."

"I wouldn't be surprised. Well, I think my investigation of the men in his tent made him suspicious, so he decided to get rid of the evidence. However, Bedlow, that remains to be proved. I wouldn't have connected you with this ring theft at all if Sergeant Henson hadn't lost his watch. Consequently I had to investigate all the men in his tent. It didn't appear to me that any of them would have done a thing like that, until I heard you and Maher were seen eating together in a restaurant in town yesterday. That was the first intimation I had that you two were buddies, so I said to myself: 'Well, birds of a feather flock together,' and decided to frisk you and see what luck I'd have. I figured if you had anything it would be in your blouse pocket, so I kidded you into thinking you were due for a guard. You don't have to go on guard. I just wanted an easy look at your blouse pocket—in your presence."

The face of The Mongoose was terrible to behold, but after his first accusation of Nosey O'Kane he reverted to type. He would not snitch; he knew of old that the criminal who talks

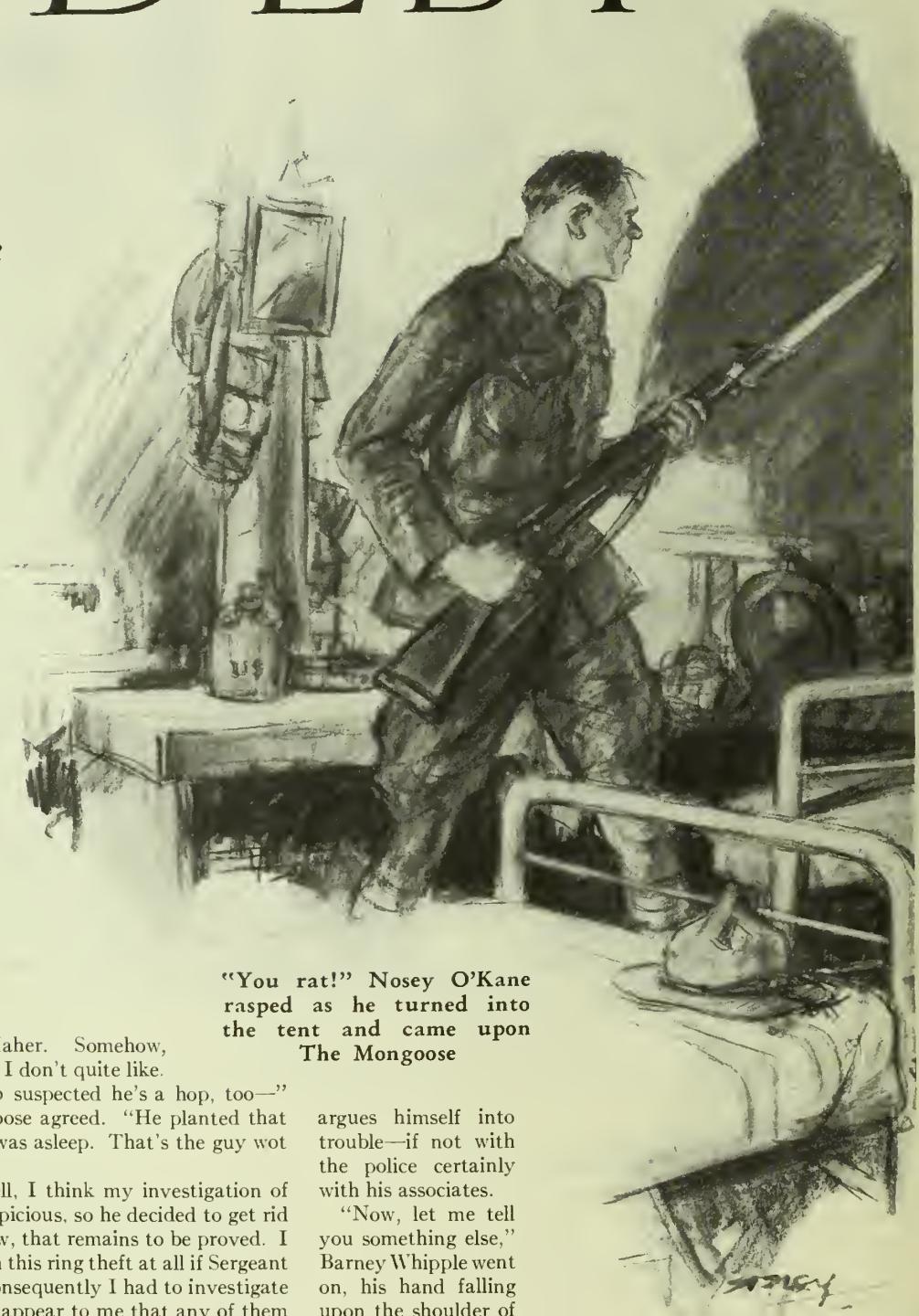
"You rat!" Nosey O'Kane rasped as he turned into the tent and came upon The Mongoose

argues himself into trouble—if not with the police certainly with his associates.

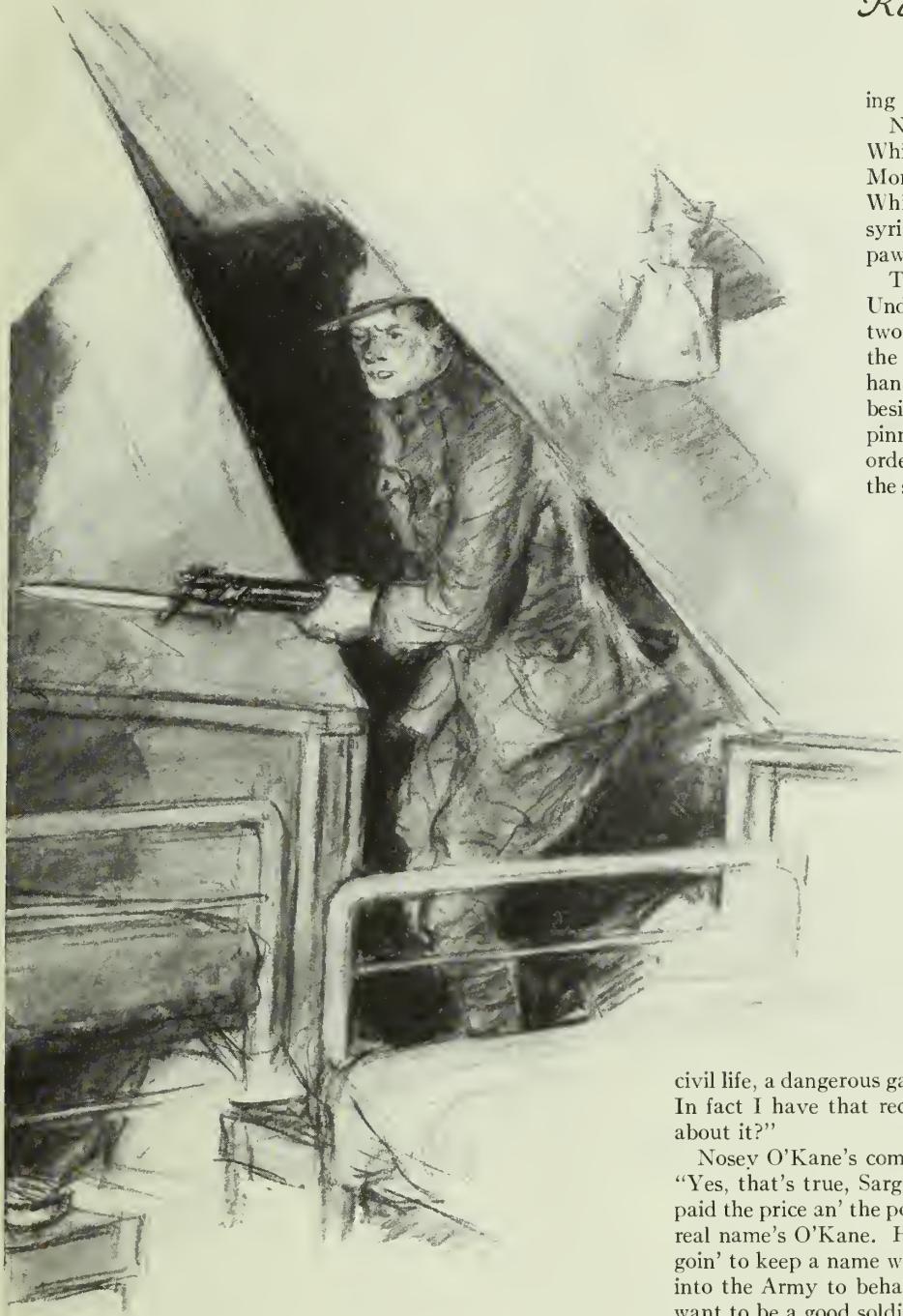
"Now, let me tell you something else," Barney Whipple went on, his hand falling upon the shoulder of The Mongoose paternally. "The Army is one place where you won't be framed by your superiors. The civil police would do it in a second—anything to get a conviction and make a name for themselves, but in the Army you'll get justice."

"My name ain't on either o' them pawn-tickets," The Mongoose protested.

"How do you know? You claim you never knew you had them and I haven't let you see them, have I? What are you? A clairvoyant or a mind reader?"



*Illustrations by
Raymond Sisley*



"I don't have to see them. I know it ain't there because I never put it there. If it's there, somebody else wrote it."

Whipple examined the pawn-tickets. "By jingo, you're right." "You bet I'm right."

"Well, do you suppose Maher pawned these articles on two visits to the same pawnshop the same day, and then, when he suspected he might get into trouble if they were found in his possession, slipped them into your billfold to throw suspicion on you?"

"I don't know what he'd do, Sarge. I never met the feller until we both got into the recruit camp," The Mongoose lied glibly.

"Well, we'll have the pawnbroker at your trial and if he cannot identify you the case against you will be a failure. I'm sorry, Bedlow. You appear to be a decent enough chap and if you've been framed I'm going to prove it. You sit here and say nothing."

The first sergeant closed the orderly tent and walked down to the tent occupied by Nosey O'Kane, alias Joseph P. Maher.

"Maher," Whipple ordered, "you run over to the adjutant's office and ask the sergeant-major if he's finished with my morn-

ing report. If he is, bring it back to me."

Nosey O'Kane departed on his mission and Whipple returned to his orderly tent. The Mongoose was still there, white and shaken. Whipple gathered up the two hypodermic syringes, the bindles of cocaine and the two pawn-tickets. "Follow me," he ordered.

They proceeded to Nosey O'Kane's tent. Under his mattress Barney Whipple thrust the two hypodermic syringes and the cocaine; in the inner breast pocket of Nosey's blouse, hanging on a nail in the wooden tent framing beside his cot, he inserted both pawn-tickets, pinned together. "Now, then, Bedlow," he ordered, "you go to that empty tent across the street from yours and close the flaps. Keep your eye on your tent and see what happens. If I see you trying to get into his tent before I give you permission I'll make a colander of you."

He returned again to his orderly tent at the head of the company street. Here to him presently came Nosey O'Kane to report that the sergeant-major had returned the company morning report to the company clerk.

"Thanks," Barney Whipple murmured. "Sit down, Maher. I have something serious to discuss with you. I have a report from the Intelligence Office to the effect that you are in the Army under a false name; that your real name is James O'Kane and that you are known to the police of New York City as Nosey O'Kane; that you were, in

civil life, a dangerous gangster and that you have a prison record. In fact I have that record and your prison photographs. How about it?"

Nosey O'Kane's composure was a marvelous thing to behold. "Yes, that's true, Sarge," he replied. "I been in trouble, but I paid the price an' the police ain't got a thing on me now. And my real name's O'Kane. Hell's fire, Sarge, you don't suppose I was goin' to keep a name with a prison record on it, do you? I come into the Army to behave myself an' live down my past life. I want to be a good soldier if they'll let me. But no! The police'll never let nobody be good, once they've hung a bad name on him. My God, Sarge, I'm willin' an' eager to die for my country because maybe that way I can make up for the bad things I've done." And Nosey commenced to sniffle.

"Don't cry, son." Once again the old paternal pat on the shoulder. "I know the police haven't got anything on you, but somehow they've gotten on to the fact that you're in the service, so they notified Intelligence to be on the watch and if we found anything missing to give you the once over."

Nosey sobbed dolorously. "Buck up, you boob," Barney urged. "The captain hasn't seen the report from Intelligence yet and I'm not going to show it to him, provided you behave yourself. Somehow I've got a hunch you've made up your mind to go straight in the Army and I'm going to give you your chance. Forget this little interview. So will I. I'll not remember it until you make it necessary for me to do so. On your way, son, on your way."

Nosey O'Kane fled to his tent. He had but one object in life now and that was to get rid of the pawn-ticket in his blouse. Evidently Barrett had not as yet reported the theft of his ring;

probably the fool was under the impression that it had dropped off his finger. That top sergeant was a soft-hearted boob, but he was hard-boiled just the same, and when the theft should be reported to him he would be certain to search Nosey's effects immediately. He worked fast so that he would be prepared for any inspection that might be made.

He drew out the pawn-ticket—and found two pawn-tickets—pinned together! "Double-crossed!" he gasped, and drew back the mattress on his steel cot. Beneath it reposed *two* hypodermic

They repaired to the tent of The Mongoose and unearthed the plant. But The Mongoose was puzzled. "I don't get you, Sarge," he complained.

"You're not as smart as you used to be, my boy. Come to my orderly tent and we'll talk."

Once more in the privacy of his orderly tent Barney Whipple reached into his drawer and drew forth a card-index record of the life and adventures of The Mongoose, together with his prison photograph and a series of his Rogue's Gallery photographs, his



"My God, Sarge!" and Nosey commenced to sniffle, "I'm willin' an' eager to die for my country to make up for the bad things I've done"

syringes and *twelve* bindles of cocaine. He hadn't expected that, too. "Mongoose! The dirty rat!"

Yes, beyond the peradventure of a doubt his companion in crime had tried to double-cross him. It was obvious to Nosey O'Kane.

If the police had reported him to the Army Intelligence Bureau, they had, in all probability, reported The Mongoose also. And, of course, that boob of a top sergeant had interviewed The Mongoose, even as he had interviewed Nosey O'Kane. Why, of course! Hadn't he heard the top ordering The Mongoose to report to his orderly tent to be inspected before going on guard not fifteen minutes ago. The dirty swine! Well, The Mongoose was clever. He, too, had seen the handwriting on the wall, as it were, and had hastened to shift the proof of their joint crimes to his pal.

"Well, maybe I'm not too late to fix the dirty dawg's clock," Nosey decided, and stepped outside the tent, the evidence in his pocket. He thanked his lucky stars it was Sunday with but few men remaining in camp and those few not visible. He walked rapidly down the company street and slipped into the tent The Mongoose occupied. It was the work of a moment to return the evidence—all of it. He strolled back to his own tent, satisfied that The Mongoose had not seen him, since the latter was not on guard.

"Well," said Barney Whipple as he rejoined The Mongoose in the tent across the street, "what do you know about that? Let's see what we shall see."

Bertillon measurements and his thumb prints. The first sergeant gazed silently at The Mongoose, who evaded his gaze. "So much for that," Barney Whipple observed sagely, and placed before The Mongoose the record of Nosey O'Kane, with photographs, measurements and thumb prints. "The police of New York must have a grudge against you and Maher, Private Bedlow," he went on ruminatively. "I imagine they're looking hard for you, because they've sent this sort of bad news to every division in the United States Army, both here and in France! (He did not add that he had caused it to be sent months before!) I suppose they figured you two might have been caught up in the draft. So the Divisional Intelligence Officer has been sending this lay-out around to every unit commander in the division with an order that we investigate and see if The Mongoose or Nosey O'Kane are in khaki. Of course I landed on you and Maher instantly. Only a fool could be mistaken. So I had a couple of good men from Intelligence shadow you and Maher when you went to town Saturday afternoon, and it was well I did so, because right after you two left camp Henson reported the loss of his watch and Barrett the loss of his diamond ring. So I knew one or both of you had put over the jobs. Well, I talked with Maher first, without letting him know I had the goods on you two yeggs. I just gave him a hint he was under suspicion and let him go. Right away he ran to his tent, got his pawn-ticket, his hypo and his coke and planted the outfit on you. (Continued on page 48)

HOSS SOLDIER

By The Old Timer

AFTER NEARLY FORTY YEARS' SERVICE, THE SMELL OF A PICKET LINE IS AS SWEET AS EVER TO THE GENERAL

A GOOD place to look for Milton J. Foreman of an evening is his home on the North Shore, colloquially known as the Gold Coast, of Chicago. General Foreman is a bachelor. For more years than I can recall he has lived in the same ageing, spacious and socially correct apartment house. After dinner you will find him in his library with coffee and a book. A book is not hard to locate in this room, there being eleven thousand of them on the shelves. At midnight, when the door has closed on the last of the guests who drop in without warning to discuss art, politics, law, equatorial Africa or Artemus Ward, the general may retrieve his book, or he may prepare his mind for repose with a few hands of canfield.

"I am a man of iron will. After forty years I can play this game without cheating."

For thirty of those years General Foreman has had to bear with the distractions of being a notable figure against the chromatic background of Chicago. His home is a reliquary of this attractive and varied career. Its walls tell the story better than I can, but not as well as General Foreman if you could induce him to oblige, for he is a raconteur of the school of Mark Twain and Henry Wadsworth.

What he has, and is, he got for himself. At twelve he was an errand boy for Keith Brothers' wholesale house, at eighteen a stockholder and the banner salesman of the firm. But a thousand hours in day coaches and five hundred nights in little hotels in the Middle West found him concerned with more than his sample cases. Drummer Foreman was studying law en route. His hobby was soldiering. As a major general and division commander, retired, it is his hobby now. "I was a hoss soldier so long that the smell of a picket line is sweeter to me than the bouquet of Cashmere."

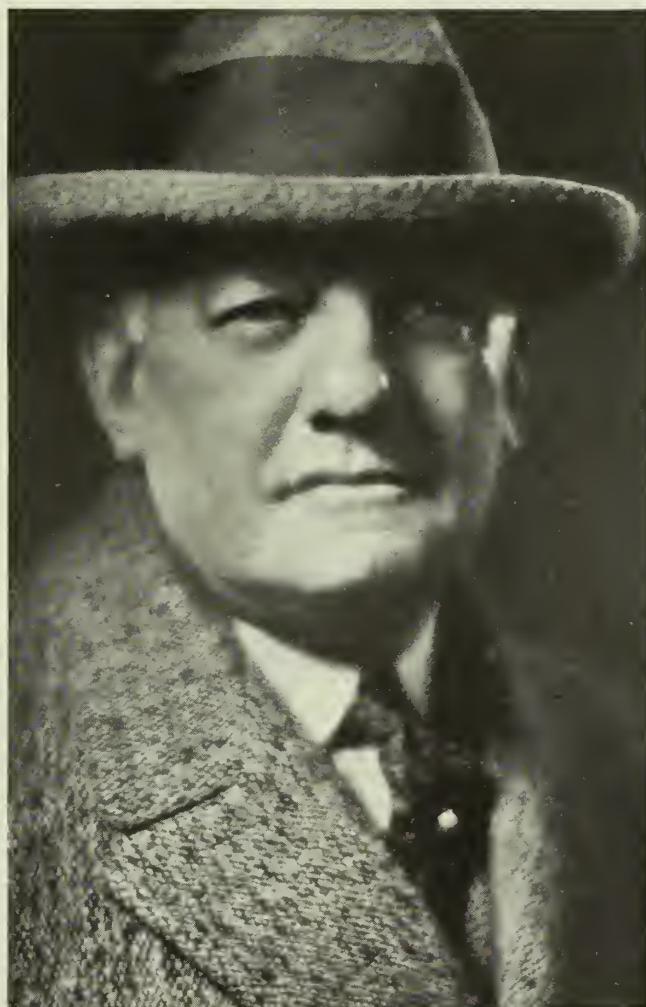
In 1894 the Chicago Hussars, whose uniforms were one of the singular sights of the World's Fair, mutinied over the question of

who should occupy the captain's saddle. The insurrectos formed a rival organization called the Chicago City Troop. "I was invited to join—not enlist, mind you, nothing as vulgar as that: a friend was empowered to say that I would be put up for membership, with a fair chance of not being black-balled. I was elected, and invited to report to a riding academy for instruction in equitation. It then occurred to me that I had never been on a horse. Well, they hoisted me aboard a yellow one. The saddle didn't fit, but after certain indignities I was graduated to the prairies surrounding Chicago. There the troop had what were amiably called drills, concluded with resuscitating refreshments."

Yet the United States was prepared in 1898 to take on Spain without the collaboration of the City Troop, until Private Foreman, who had not forgotten his salesmanship, called on Governor Altgeld. As Troop C, Captain Foreman commanding, of the First Illinois Volunteer Cavalry it was on its way to the fighting when the war dropped out from under. Ten years later found Foreman head of the regiment, which he made one of the celebrated National Guard units of the Army. He was also a distinguished lawyer with many other irons in the fire. In 1917 the First Cavalry became the 122d Field Artillery, which Colonel Foreman took to and through the war.

At the conclusion of the Paris Caucus something tentatively named The American Legion was dumped into the lap of Milton J. Foreman. "There I was, the temporary head of an interim committee of a projected society. Can you think of anything more diaphanous than that?"

From that day to this General Foreman has been one of the creative factors of the Legion. His matured wisdom, acute satire and trenchant wit, directed as often against himself as against others, was the solution of many a prickly problem in the early days. I recall one of the pioneer meetings of the National (*Continued on page 55*)



The Paris Caucus dumped into the lap of Colonel Milton J. Foreman of the 122d Field Artillery, U. S. A., something tentatively called The American Legion. He didn't pass the buck, but went ahead with the job of getting the organization on a firm footing

OUT and

By Charles Phelps

WHAT TO SEE ON THE WAY NATIONAL

LOOK ahead a few weeks:

Labor Day is past—and with it the worst of the hot spells. Sun-blistered and ivy-poisoned vacationists of the most obnoxious type no longer overcrowd the railway coaches, the steamships, the passenger airplanes and the motor highways. At hotels there's no longer any risk that snooky room-clerks will billet you to the top of a billiard table or a canvas cot in a gangway. Everywhere a great sigh of relief is heaved; everywhere tempers are improved and old fashioned courtesy is coming back in vogue. That tonic nip in the morning air even bears the glad tidings that the hay fever season is about over. Now is the time to start on a tour, and get the fullest possible enjoyment out of your vacation.

As an extra inducement to anyone who holds a Legion card, a real bargain in travel rates is beckoning. Consider this happy situation: The Legion's convention this year is to be held in the Northwest, at Portland, Oregon. The date is set for a little earlier than usual, September 12-15.

For one thing, the railroads are cutting the round trip fares to figures that may surprise you. Some of you who by choice are bus riders will find attractions in that quarter, too. Others will hit the gasoline trail in limousines, piloting their own cars or booking transportation with someone who seeks company for the jaunt; for these tourists there's the joyous prospect now of not having to battle with road congestion along the route. Most of the summer vacation pests will have cleared out for home, right after the Labor Day jam closed the season.

Other modes of travel offer their own tempting attractions. By ship, around through the Panama Canal if you can spare the time: you'll find the cost low enough. And for those who crave speed and love to hit the high places, air travel rates are more reasonable than formerly.



De Cou, from Galloway

1 "The largest and oldest living thing in the world" is this. Know its name?



Nesmith

2 Can you identify this mirror-like lake and tell in what park you'll find it?

GET IN THE GAME—A GUESSING GAME. IT WILL TEST HOW WELL YOU KNOW YOUR OWN COUNTRY, IN PARTICULAR, HOW WELL YOU KNOW THE MOUNTAIN AND PACIFIC COAST STATES. SEE OPPOSITE PAGE



© Keystone

3 In 1930 these vast New Mexican caverns became a National Park. Name, please?

BACK

Cushing

TO AND FROM THE PORTLAND CONVENTION

But whatever way you choose to go, here's a suggestion—make a circular tour of it, out by one route, back by another. Why not see America first, and after enjoying the convention, see quite another section of it on the return trip? Speak up when you're buying your ticket and arrange for liberal stopovers. This is a country worth knowing; and here's one of the biggest opportunities ever offered to get to know it better at a bed-rock cost.

The curious, the wonderful, the amazingly beautiful spots you may see by the way are worth a little study and planning. Why not arrange for a few pauses and detours to take in this greatest show on earth? That is the way nearly all Europeans travel, both for greater comfort and to insure that they get their money's worth. "Breaking the journey," as the British describe this system, is a habit we are learning to acquire. Motor touring has taught it to a lot of us. But there are yet thousands of us who get aboard a transcontinental train and never come up for air until we reach the smoky train sheds at the far end of an exhausting 3,000 mile ride.

Even if your time is limited, there's no reason why you can't hop off here and there along the line to see a few wonders and get the kinks out of your travel-cramped legs. Suppose your gateway to the Northwest is Chicago or the Twin Cities. Make it a point to have a look at that Land of Oz, weirdly beautiful, the Black Hills. You'll find sights there that you'll gratefully remember all the rest of your days. A little farther along the trail, in Wyoming, there's a wonder of which you may never have heard—but of which you'd have heard plenty if it were in New England or New York or a possession of such tourist-wise lands as France or Italy. It's called "Devil's Tower." Its base, a mound of limestone, lifts more than 600 feet above the level of an adjoining river; through that foundation thrusts a great pillar of lava



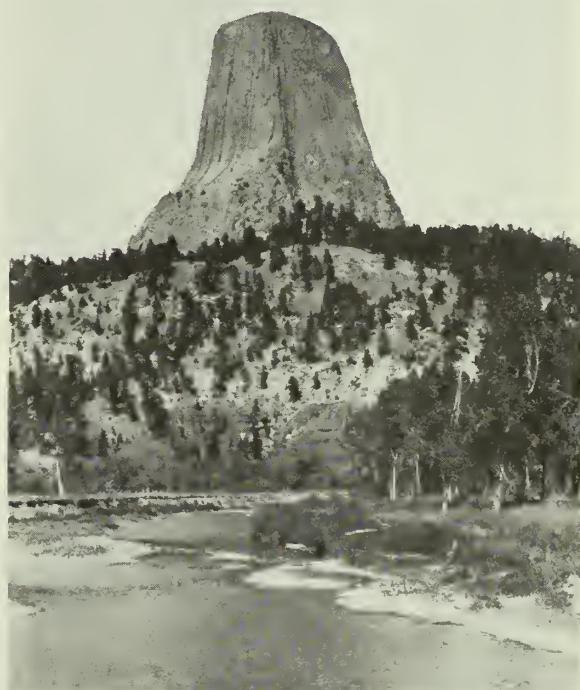
De Cou, from Galloway

4 You've sung of "templed hills." But do you know this temple and where it is?



© Publishers' Photo

5 In a National Park adjoining the Canadian border is this scene. What park?



© Publishers' Photo

6 Can you name and locate this wonderful tower—a pillar of solidified lava?

THE PICTURES HEREWITH AND ON THE TWO PAGES FOLLOWING ARE OF PLACES TO VISIT EN ROUTE TO THE PORTLAND CONVENTION. FOR ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS UNDERNEATH PICTURES TURN TO PAGE 63



Cushing

7 Since 1786 the altar light of this mission never has been dimmed. What town?



Kerst, from Nesmith

8 This probably is the world's most famous geyser. Quick, now! What and where?



Bogart, from Nesmith

9 From the State where the census counted the fewest noses. What State is it?

rock, in vertical columns, to a height of another 600 feet. As tall as the world's highest skyscraper, this tower, and a third of a mile across at the base! The spindly towers of Paris and New York can only hold a candle to it.

Due west across the width of Wyoming lies that vast wonderland, Yellowstone National Park. No other playland compares with it in size—3,348 square miles. It is a place of bewilderment, tumult. You could spend weeks in it and not see all there is worth seeing. But let no one deride you out of visiting it briefly, if a short time is all that you have to spare.

Ride through it and come away with dizzy impressions of spouting geysers, tumbling cataracts, hot springs and mud volcanoes, wild animals roaming at large, canyons painted in the rainbow's brightest hues. If you like the sample, another wilderness natural park, just added to the National Parks family, invites you next door—the Grand Teton.

If weather conditions permit, the road to follow out of the Yellowstone is the National Park-to-Park Highway, leading northward to another great National Park, Glacier. This tract, in northwestern Montana, adjoins the Canadian border. (And over the line gives access to Canada's famous resorts at Banff and Lake Louise.) Drive on from the railway back into the heart of Glacier Park. You'll behold a mountain paradise which Switzerland would capitalize into a revenue-producer more important than any she now has.



© Publishers' Photo

10 The highest peak between the Rockies and the Appalachians is this. Where?



Asahel Curtis

11 Once this was a Niagara, but today it's gone dry. Now can you guess its name?

Westward bound now, our On-to-Oregon caravans may continue to follow the circular trail marked out on the National Park-to-Park Highway map. This route leads through Spokane and Seattle; into Tacoma next, and from there a detour to reach Mount Rainier National Park. After that, on to Portland and the convention. . . .

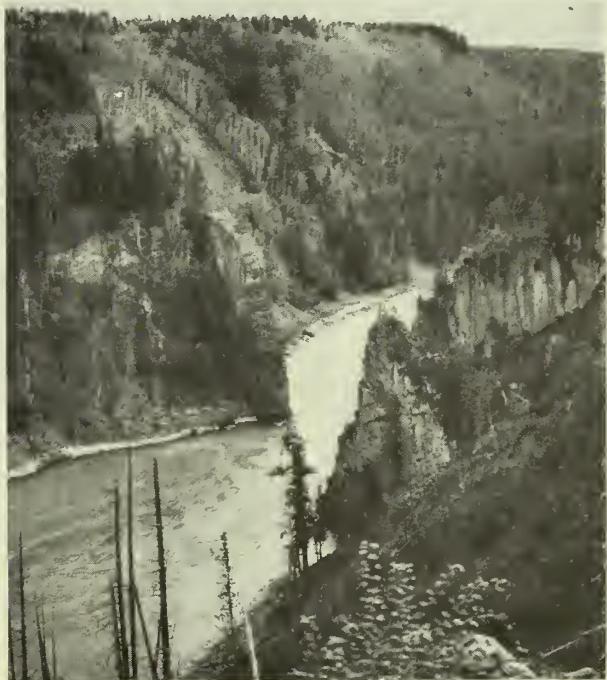
Business of tooting the referee's whistle here. Time out! In the course of that interval, may your announcer broadcast a bit of good advice? Write to the National Park Service, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C., for a copy (free) of that Map of the National Park-to-Park Highway. It's one of the best maps ever printed; something which will save you a lot of time when you're planning your tour and be your guide to reach hundreds of points of interest along any route you choose.

Of the attractions of Portland and excursions in its neighborhood, there will be more in a later issue of this magazine. From Portland's hilltops Mount Rainier sometimes is visible as a distant shape upon the horizon; so to say anything about it here may be to risk giving it double mention. But chance it we must. We covet that strange mountain to add to a collection of Far Western Believe It or Nots. Devil's Tower made a good starter for that collection. Now the collecting is going to proceed at a livelier rate than ever, as we go about making the acquaintance of the "fire mountains that once, like (Continued on page 62)



U. and U.

14 This mountain, once capped with a cone, blew its own head off. What's the name?



Cushing

15 If you've traveled in Canada, can you name this "gate," once a natural dam?



U. S. Army Air Corps

12 This aerial snapshot reveals a lake in a mountain top. What's the lake called?



U. S. Army Air Corps

13 Stupendous is this chasm, twelve miles wide, a mile in depth! What and where?



De Cou, from Galloway

16 In a National Park are these, our best preserved cliff dwellings. Know where?



IT IS SNOWING UP NEW ENGLAND WAY, BUT THE
MOCKING BIRDS ARE SINGING ON BISCAYNE BAY WHEN

FLORIDA

Leads Off

THE crowd wasn't quite as big as usual when Department Commander Emmet Safay on the stage of the auditorium of Ida M. Fisher Memorial High School at Miami Beach brought down his gavel and declared the fourteenth annual convention of the Florida Department officially opened. It was the morning of April seventh. There was a depression on, and Department Adjutant Howard Rowton, on the stage near Commander Safay, said he thought gasoline money and carfare and the cost of rations and quarters had kept some of the regular conventionnaires at home. Just remember that Miami, far south on Florida's east coast, is eight hours by fast train from Jacksonville, up near the Georgia line.

But if any of Florida's 105 posts weren't represented at Miami Beach to help maintain the tradition of the Florida Department's annual convention, they weren't missed in the crowd that for three days filled the school auditorium and the lobby of the Blackstone, the headquarters hotel. The Florida Department, in customary style, opened The American Legion's department convention season, getting the jump on the other forty-seven States by more than two months.

There is a Florida Department convention tradition. Florida comes first! When the posts in Georgia, Louisiana and Nevada—June convention States—are just beginning to think about delegates and issues, Florida each year in April plays the opening game and usually supplies a keynote or two for the rest of the country. Traditionally, the National Commander attends, with the National President of the Auxiliary, and more often

than not the National Adjutant, the chairmen of the national legislative and rehabilitation committees and the heads of the Forty and Eight. This year, National Commander Stevens hastened down from Washington and hastened back, but John Thomas Taylor and Watson B. Miller, the chairmen of the legislative and rehabilitation committees, were camping before Congress and couldn't get away. Mrs. Louise W. Williams, the Auxiliary's National President, attended, on the tour that during each year carries the National President to each State. And William D. Lyons, Chef de Chemin de Fer of the Forty and Eight, was there with Charles W. Ardery, Correspondant National, to help put through a big class of new Forty and Eighters.

The Florida Department convention, ranking as a national Legion institution, was true to form this year. Up in Ohio and New York snowstorms were making newspaper headlines, and the Floridians, who take their weather largely as a matter of course, found the hot sun and clear sky of Miami Beach cause for beatitudes. Even to natives of a tropical State, Miami Beach offered in early April climate and stage settings worth writing home about. The green waters of the Atlantic rolled lazily upon the white sands of a beach on one side of the convention city, while on the other lay Biscayne Bay, with the skyline of Miami on its farthest shore. White yachts rode at anchor in the harbor. Palm trees rustled in a cool breeze. The hibiscus, a gorgeous purple flower, nodded from a thousand walls and lawns. Big hotels and houses in the Spanish Mission

GUITARS AND MANDOLINS

Legionnaires dancing in the streets of Miami Beach's Spanish Village during one of the warm spring nights of the Florida Department's annual convention

above the delegates heads: Belle Glade, Crystal River, Frost-proof, Wildwood, Winter Garden and Punta Gorda. There too: Coral Gables, Cocoa, Hialeah, Live Oak, Coconut Grove and Wauchula. The bigger places too: Tampa, St. Petersburg, Fort Lauderdale, St. Augustine, Tallahassee, Pensacola.

Each new year, the Floridians hold their convention in one of the State's playspots, and the competition in hospitality has risen to heights indeed. Miami Beach Post was out to show its brethren that its Legion spirit matches the pioneer spirit which in a few years has transformed a waste of sand and swamp into one of America's show cities. They billeted their visitors in the hotels which during the winter season are filled with guests from the world over. They were hosts at dances and dinners. They opened beaches and golf courses to them and gave them sightseeing tours. And Dr. Munro J. Horre, their publicity officer, saw to it that every visitor carried away in his mind the story of the marvelous birth and growth of Miami Beach.

The visitors learned the town has more than nine miles of ocean frontage and twenty-six miles of Biscayne Bay shoreline. It is a separate municipality, with Miami, its big brother across the bay, bound to it by splendid causeways. Two-thirds of the peninsula was formed by a gigantic dredging and pumping project which filled in bay bottom and mangrove swamps with sand. In 1920 it had 650 persons, and its permanent population is now 10,000. Its winter population is 40,000. It has seventy-five hotels and 270 apartment buildings which provide living quarters for 25,000. Its 1206 private residences include winter

style were dazzling in the April sunshine.

As committee chairmen read their reports and the department officials and guests spoke, mocking birds warbled accompaniments. Their songs came through the wide-open windows, filling the auditorium. It could happen only in Florida—perhaps only in Miami Beach! And only in Florida would town names be so musical to the imagination. On the banners



homes of national celebrities. Summer nights are comfortable.

Dr. Horre, it happens, has a free and easy way of telling about these things. As a postscript to the convention program's description of charms, he added: "Therefore, brothers and sisters, while you are here, use the self-same ocean, sky and land that the fellow who has acquired millions paid for the privilege of using. All this we are giving to you because you came down here and visited with us. This doesn't sound as if there is a depression. If you think there is, just look around and forget it. Do you remember the song, 'I Dreamt That I Dwelt In Marble Halls'? Well, you are, and it is costing you but a couple of bucks a night."

"After reading the above article, I think I'll take it over to the Chamber of Commerce for the price of a haircut. Yours till the House of David hooks up with the Smith Brothers."

Elsewhere Dr. Horre urged the army of occupation to "raise all the hell that you want to, but don't pull up any palm trees and don't tear down the city hall as we need it to put in a new bunch of fellows next December."

Well, it was a great convention. Everybody liked it. They voted to hold next year's Florida Department convention even farther south. Next year everybody will go to Havana, Cuba, another tropical paradise. They have been promised very low round-trip transportation by boat and plane. And some time they are all going back to Miami Beach, perhaps in a few years when Miami pulls down a national convention. That's in the offing—to come after the outfit has been to Portland next September and Chicago in 1933, and perhaps to a few other places.

More About Portland

HERE is some late news from Ben F. Dorris, executive vice president of the Portland Convention Commission, to supplement Charles Phelps Cushing's article, "Out and Back," in this issue.

Sun baths on the roof by day, merrymaking by night—the Blackstone, the Florida Department Headquarters hotel

"The railroads have granted one-way fare for the round trip, and they've made a notable additional concession. In other years,

an extra charge over the one-way fare has been made to those going to a convention city by one route and returning by another. This year Western roads agree to give this privilege at the same rate as if one route were used going and coming.

"Pendleton, Oregon, has set the dates of its famous Round-Up as September 8, 9 and 10, so that Legionnaires may see its big show on the way to Portland. The convention opens on September 12th, and Portland is a night's ride from Pendleton.

"The Navy's veterans will have a good chance to walk a few decks while in Portland. The light cruisers *Concord* and *Omaha* have already been assigned to our city for the convention period, and we expect other ships from the Pacific fleet. They will be





The American Legion Junior Rifle Club of St. Petersburg, Florida, learns that pulling the trigger is perhaps the simplest factor in making a bull's-eye. Here's a youngster finding out about sights and so on

ties up to the sea walls on both sides of the river in the heart of town. We have a real harbor, deep enough for battleships. It will be a novelty to step from the street to gangplank. The ships will be parked just like automobiles along a curbing. We are looking for quite a few delegations to come by boat. Jim Fisk, Adjutant of the California Department, says many men of his outfit will live on their transport while she's tied up in Portland. It is a good idea and others will be sure to follow it."

French Veterans Coming

FIVE hundred French veterans of the World War will be guests of The American Legion and the American people in Washington, D. C., this autumn when they will make a pilgrimage which will be a counterpart of The American Legion's pilgrimage to France in 1927. As this is written, the time of the French veterans' convention in Washington has not yet been definitely determined, but it is expected to be held after the Legion national convention in Portland, Oregon, September 12th to 15th. An advance delegation of the French veterans will probably attend the Portland convention.

Edward E. Spafford of New York, Past National Commander, is chairman of the Legion's committee which is making arrangements for the pilgrimage. A formal invitation to the French veterans' societies was extended by the Detroit national convention. Congress has provided funds for carrying out the arrangements. The pilgrimage will have unusual public interest because of its relation to the observance of the 200th anniversary of Washington's birth centering in the national capital.

The King's Cup

DISPLAYED at National Headquarters is a massive, sterling silver bowl, bearing an inscription which proclaims that it was first presented by the King of Rumania in 1919 as the prize in the rifle competition at Le Mans in which teams of all the Allies took part. The United States Army team won that trophy in 1919, and in every year between 1919 and 1931 the

trophy was won by one of the teams representing the United States Army, shooting in the Rumanian Cup Match at the National Rifle Matches at Camp Perry, Ohio. Last September when The American Legion team won the Rumanian match in competition with one hundred teams at Camp Perry, it shattered an Army tradition. Winning the King of Rumania's cup wasn't simply an incident in the many weeks of shooting at Camp Perry; it was real drama, according to Frank J. Schneller, the Legion's National Director of Marksmanship.

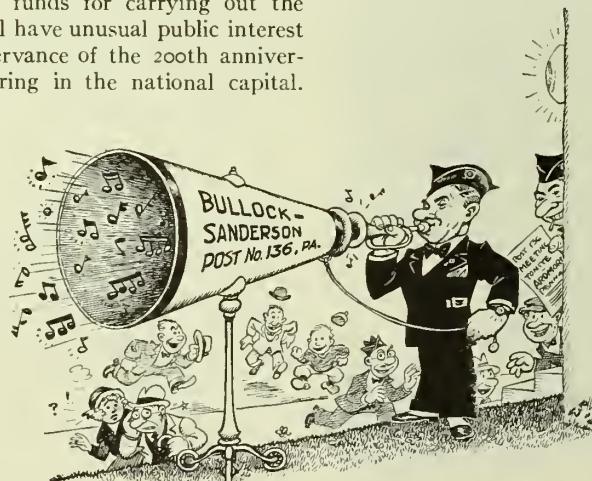
In the preliminary match for the Rumanian cup, Mr. Schneller relates, the Legion team, much to the surprise of its coaches, finished with a score of 276, only twenty-four down of a 300 possible. This was high score, but the District of Columbia National Guard had 275; the Navy, the Marines and Washington National Guard each had 274; the Cavalry had 273, and the Infantry 272.

"The margin of lead was too small," Mr. Schneller writes. "To let the men of the Legion team know they were ahead, with the other teams pressing closely would have bred a dozen different kinds of buck fever. So we tried to be nonchalant and passed out word that the Legion had five points to make up."

"We went back to the ranges for the finals, the 600-yard stage. The first Legionnaires shot 96 out of 100 possible. The next pair 95. Then a 94. A total of 285, only fifteen down from possible 300, making our total score 561. No other team passed us."

Mighty Horn

ACCORDING to the special correspondent Joshua, the Israelite Bugle Corps set a world's record for all time at Jericho. Believe it or not, the walls of that old city fell before the blast of the trumpets "as the people shouted with a great shout." Until the Angel Gabriel shall sound his horn, that blast at Jericho shall inspire mortal buglers. But meanwhile, there is a Legion bugler in a Philadelphia suburb who has a claim to glory. H. L. Reese broadcasts this on behalf of his outfit, Bullock-Sanderson Post of Ardmore, Pennsylvania:



"A large megaphone—seven feet high and similar to those used at army camps—is set up in front of our post headquarters on meeting nights. At 7:50 a bugler blows 'call to quarters' to each of the four points of the compass. At 8 p. m. he blows 'assembly' in the same manner. It is my thought this might be made a custom of the Legion throughout the country."

Paris to Fort Dodge

MONSIEUR JULES BOHY was adopted by the State of Iowa and the city of Fort Dodge in 1927 during the Paris national convention of The American Legion. It was not until a few months ago, however, that Monsieur Bohy arrived in Fort Dodge on his first visit to America and was unofficially naturalized with ceremonies whose warmth has never been exceeded in Iowa.

Host to the seventy-seven members of the Fort Dodge Drum Corps was Monsieur Bohy during the visit of the Second A. E. F. Never a more popular boniface! Never more appreciative guests! Mutual cordiality and good feeling rose day by day during the convention, and when the day appointed for the Fort Dodge Corps' departure came, Landlord Bohy would not say good-bye. They must, he insisted, stay another whole week. They must be his personal guests for that extra week. There would be no bills. And stay they did. When they did sail, it was with the promise of Monsieur Bohy—Jack Bohy by this time—that some day he would return their visit.

Was Fort Dodge glad to see Monsieur Bohy? Well, several acres of type in the *Fort Dodge Messenger and Chronicle* and a lot of photographs testify that it was. Not only Jack Bohy's quondam guests, but the whole city turned out to do him honor. An airplane ornamented with the tri-color of France dipped low to greet him on his train twenty-five miles out. There was a parade from the station to a hotel, the first of many parades, dinners and ceremonies of many sorts. The big ceremony came when Monsieur Bohy formally presented to Fort Dodge the flag of the French Croix de Guerre Association and received, to carry back to France, the flag of the city of Fort

Legion posts were first to rally for relief when tornadoes killed 250 in five States in March. First to carry food into the stricken district near Tuscaloosa, Alabama, was this Forty and Eight locomotive



Dodge. But better than all the formal events were the informal get-togethers in which Monsieur Bohy and the Fort Dodgers fought over again the battles of the Second A. E. F.

Paris had not forgotten the Fort Dodge Drum Corps, Monsieur Bohy assured his friends. Still remembered is the day when the corps, national champion Legion drum corps in 1926, passed in review before President Doumergue at the Elysées Palace.

William F. Deegan Dies

WILLIAM F. DEEGAN, Commander of the New York Department in 1921 and a candidate for National Commander in 1922, died in New York City in April after an operation for appendicitis. He was forty-nine years old. At the time of his death he was Tenement House Commissioner and chairman of the Mayor's Committee on Receptions to Distinguished Guests. Continuously he had rendered notable service to the Legion as a member of committees dealing with hospitalization and other interests. Before assuming his city post, he had been associated with prominent architectural firms. He won high praise by his official handling of the involved technical problems relating to housing in the biggest city in the nation. During the war, Mr. Deegan was a staff (Continued on page 64)



WITH GALES BLOWING, BRIDGES BATTERED, HAMPERS TORN AWAY, INNER DECKS FLOODED, THE CREWS OF SUBMARINE CHASERS CARRIED ON, BECAUSE

IT NEVER GOT *too* ROUGH

WHOOVER got the notion that World War veterans of the Navy are shrinking violets certainly has had his mind disabused of that idea during the past year. We'll admit it took a bit of coaxing to get the ex-gobs to do their stuff in these columns—but once they got under way, special effort has been made to make up for time lost. Corfu, which harbored Naval Base No. 6 down in the Adriatic, has made its bow, and now we hear from ex-Chief Machinist's Mate K. F. Mocek, 717 Detroit Avenue, Toledo, Ohio, late of U. S. S. C. No. 257, on behalf of Base No. 27. We want to thank Mocek, too, for the unusual snapshot which is displayed on this page. Spin your yarn, sailor!

"Now that we have heard from the Corfu gang, I think it time that the Plymouth (England) gang—otherwise U. S. Naval Base No. 27—put in its oar. While on my ship there were better

duty in the English Channel and Bay of Biscay, and when it came back to God's country. My ship's name was *Dick*—and by the way that was also our captain's name—Dick Hall—and a real captain he was.

"Our sub-chasers always traveled in groups of three and our group was called Tom, Dick and Harry—those names being used for signal purposes. Other groups bore code names such as corn, meal and mush; ding, dong and bell; red, white, blue, and so on. Signaled messages usually ended with a 'quack, quack,' which signified 'aye, aye, sir.'

"Often the question is asked, even by battle wagon sailors, as to what we did when it got too rough. It never got that rough! We were out many a time on these tiny gray terriers and always came through from a trick at sea during which the wind was blowing a gale, the waters had ceaselessly hurled over the ships,



Not an oceanic Old Faithful in action, but the picturesque result obtained when a sub-chaser dropped a depth-charge overboard in search of a submarine. The above was taken in Bantry Bay, England, from one of the American chasers operating out of Naval Base No. 27, Plymouth

writers than myself, I have waited without luck since the inception of this magazine to have them pipe up, so here goes.

"I want to state that I am a dry-land sailor, as an old salt told me one day that I wouldn't make a patch on a sailor's pants. In spite of that I put in two years aboard the U. S. S. C. 257. I saw the keel of this ship laid, then the finished ship, was with it when it went across, when it did its share of that miserable patrol

tossed them, buried them, rolled them until it looked as if they could never stagger back to even keel again. When the storms had battered their bridges, torn away their hampers, flooded their innermost recesses, forced the crew to live on cold rations because the galley range could not be lighted, depriving them even of a cup of hot coffee. When sleep had been impossible and walking about the ship an enterprise for a Blondin; when a third of the



Between sessions of the Peace Conference, President and Mrs. Wilson entertained the soldiers of the Presidential Honor Guard at tea in the Palais Murat in Paris in January, 1919. Evidently a few gobs, women workers and French and other Allied officers joined the doughboy guests

crew suffered intense sea-sickness (and, oh, how sea-sick I did get), when every man was dead for sleep, worn with watching, with every muscle aching from the labor and the bruises of the tossing. It hadn't been too rough for them. It couldn't be. They stayed out and finished their jobs. Too rough? Not for those submarine chaser gobs. That's the way it was done.

The picture I enclose was taken in Bantry Bay, England, during September, 1918, during an attack on a reported submarine. The fountain of water off the stern of a chaser is the result of one of the many depth charges which were dropped. The attack, I learned later, proved fruitless.

"Who said the Navy is asleep. Wake up, you fellows of the suicide fleet, as there are plenty more tales of unusual activities of our gang. I want some news of other veterans of the crew of the U. S. S. C. 257."

WHY I have de-layed so long in making this inquiry, I cannot say," writes Legionnaire W. T. Music of Dublin, Texas, "but I am thinking tonight of September 12, 1918, on the St. Mihiel front.

"I would like to hear from a buddy who was with me on that morning when we were both wounded by the same shell. I believe that this soldier was wounded in the leg—probably a fracture.

My face was badly mangled and my chances for recovery looked slim, but owing to this other soldier refusing to be picked up by the litter-bearers until they took me, I was carried to the first-aid station even though I looked like a dead man.

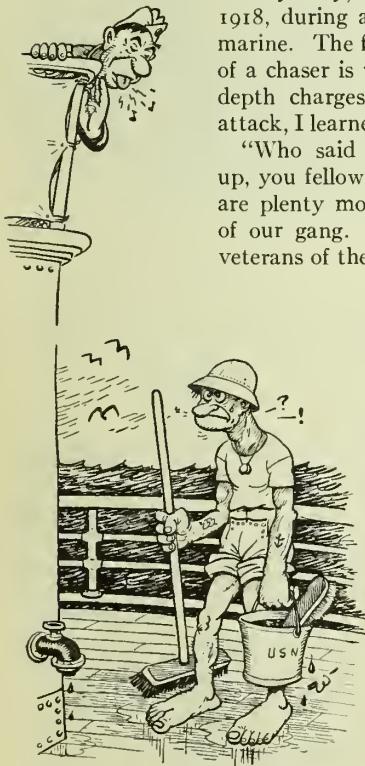
"I am happy to state that my condition was not as serious as it looked, even though had I been left on the ground I would have died as I had a severed artery in my left hand. I know that if this man is alive, he will remember the incident."

AMONG the two million men in the A. E. F. there were a comparative few who, while not necessarily recipients of medals or citations, gained a distinction far above that of the common or garden variety of doughboy. We refer to those men who for greater or lesser periods of time became a part of the selected battalions that appeared on special occasions as representatives of the entire A. E. F.

Some organizations en route to the A. E. F. via England were paraded in London before the King, others participated in the Fourth of July parade in Paris in 1917, in the Bastile Day celebration in Chaumont, France, in 1918, and on other gala occasions. Probably the elite of all the special details, however, were the officers and men who comprised the Presidential honor guard, organized when President Wilson went to France after the Armistice. From one of this last group, ex-Private Samuel C. Ellison of 55 Hastings Street, Baldwin, Long Island, New York, we learn this:

"While a member of the 308th Machine Gun Company, 77th Division, I was wounded on August 14, 1918. When the Armistice was signed I was a patient in Base Hospital No. 7 at Tours and after discharge was sent to the Classification Camp at Le Mans, arriving at the latter place on December 10th.

"I had been there about a week when a call came for a volunteer company to go to Paris to attend President Wilson upon his first trip to France. Out of a total of 22,000 men, 250 were selected, together with five commissioned officers. All of the men chosen were of a uniform size and all had been wounded in action. It took five days to select them. Our officers were the pick of the



crop, so to speak—the captain, who stood six feet, two inches, and purported one of the snappiest in the A. E. F., especially.

"We left Le Mans on December 24, 1918, arriving in Paris on Christmas Day. It was a day I will never forget, as I had been looking forward to a visit there. We were billeted in the Palais Murat, which was used as a residence by the President. Our duties consisted of guarding posts around the palace and of accompanying the President to Versailles, where the peace conference was held.

"On January 24, 1919, the President and Mrs. Wilson gave a tea in honor of our guard, which was quite a thrill. The President was a most genial host and told us many amusing anecdotes. I am enclosing a picture taken during the tea."

CONTRARY to general opinion, not all of the spare time of doughboys and gobs was devoted to seances with the galloping dominoes or to wooing Lady Luck with the pasteboards. It will have to be admitted, however, if our memory is correct, that any physical sports indulged in were part of the curriculum—supervised boxing, wrestling, baseball and football.

We learn from V. B. Henson of Manning, Iowa, that at least some of the men in training, not content with regular

drills, hikes and other muscle-tiring endeavors, adopted a rather strenuous idea of entertainment. It took the form of equitation of an unusual nature, as witness the snapshot posted in this bulletin board and the story from Henson which follows:

"I think the enclosed picture showing one of our pastimes while in training might interest the Gang. My outfit was Company B, 109th Engineers of the 34th, or Sandstorm Division. The snapshot was taken about twelve miles from Camp Cody, New Mexico, where we had hiked to learn trench work.

"On Sundays, when we had no work to do, time passed slowly, so we caught some of the burros which were roaming around the desert. These animals had been used by prospectors as pack-animals for taking their equipment to the hills where they prospected for silver, and were later turned loose.

"The only bridles we had were some heavy cord which we put into their mouths and over their heads. It was great sport riding them but the after-affects were not so good, as we had no saddles.

"We were short of meat out there and I remember one of the boys shot a cow or heifer that was running on the range, but it proved to be too tough to eat. I wonder if Uncle Sam had to pay for it.

"Charley Smith and I are the men on the burros in the snapshot. Wonder how many of the boys remember those rides and our camp out at the trenches?"

FOURTEEN years ago—during the summer of 1918—one of the issues of *Trench and Camp* carried a news story under a Camp Dix, New Jersey, date line, telling of a \$12,000 fund raised by men of the 34th Division for Jean and Marie Jegou of France. The story, reprinted in these columns upon request of Lester Kelly of Clarence, Iowa, went on to tell how these French

orphans' father, Lieutenant Jegou, lost his life while assigned as an instructor with the Sandstorm Division at Camp Cody, New Mexico, when a motor car in which he was riding was swallowed by quicksand during an attempted fording of a stream. Kelly was interested in learning what became of the fund.

That request for information brought prompt response from Legionnaire E. E. Stericker, of Omaha, Nebraska, former colonel in command of the 134th Infantry, 34th Division. While, evidently, the reporter for *Trench and Camp* did not obtain the correct names of the two children adopted by the Sandstorms, here is a late report of them as given by Colonel Stericker:

"In the February Monthly I noticed an inquiry as to what became of the \$12,000 fund raised for Lieutenant Jegou's children, Helen and Susanne. I happen to know them and their mother very well, as Lieutenant Jegou was my assistant instructor in the Browning School at Camp Cody.

"I left for France in August, 1918, and on my way to Chaumont I stopped in Paris for a day and found Madame Jegou working at the Bon Marche store, where I visited with her and explained the events leading to her husband's death and the raising of the fund. The fund was placed in trust and the interest used to educate the little tots. She could not understand the great kindness of the 34th Division to her and her children, and she asked me if I ever saw any of the good men of the division again to thank them personally for her.

"I hear from her regularly every four or five months. The children also write to me every Christmas. They are with their grandparents,



Ride 'em cowboy! Barebacking on wild desert burros was spare-time fun for men of the 109th Engineers in trench training near Camp Cody, New Mexico

the mother's parents, and they have been going to school in Paris.

"Sometime in 1924 Madame May Jegou came to the United States and worked for Coty's in New York City. I saw her for a few moments several years ago while passing through New York and she told me then what fine girls Helen and Susanne were and how nicely they were doing in school. I just heard from her the other day. She is now back in Paris at 13 Rue du Rhin with her children and would be glad, I am sure, to hear from any of the old gang of the 34th Division who were so generous in their gifts to her.

"As far as I know the fund is still in trust for the children and they are receiving the interest."

FROM an unexpected source and as the result of coincidence, came additional interesting information regarding the death of Lieutenant Jegou. Commander Ben Levy of Art Taylor Post in Ajo, Arizona, tells this story:

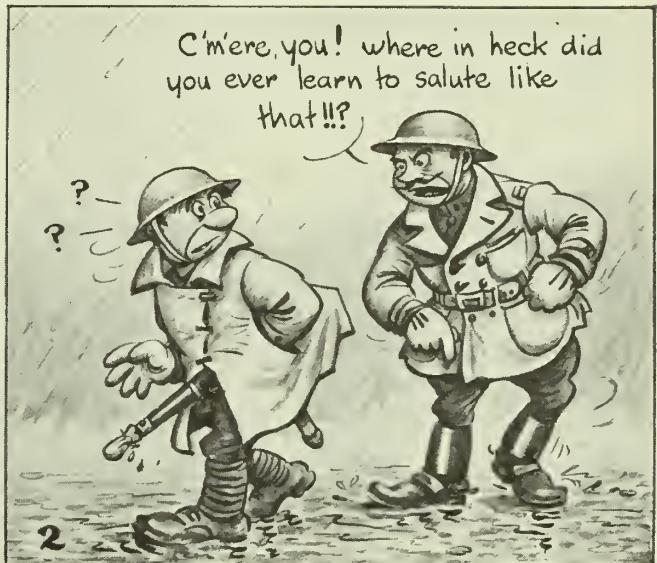
"Ever since the death of General John C. Greenway on January 19, 1926, Art Taylor Post has honored his memory each succeeding year by sponsoring a brief memorial service at his grave, located here in Ajo on a hilltop near his family's residence. . . . The entire community joins in paying homage. General Greenway is one of this State's two representatives in the Hall of Fame in the Capitol at Washington. (Continued on page 57)



SUNNY FRANCE

An A. E. F. Flashback

By Wallgren



What They Know About You

(Continued from page 13)

when a man has more college education than is represented by an ordinary bachelor of arts degree, then his education may become a liability, because he is a scholar. A scholar can hardly stoop to the routine work often necessary in salesmanship.

Another objection an employer might have to hiring a man with too much education is that since education broadens one's horizon and opens such a wide range of fields for activity, a highly educated man may wish to try various kinds of work before he hits one that suits him. This may be all right for him, but it is not always so good for the employer, who loses him just when he is becoming useful.

Actual figures indicate that a man of foreign birth is likely to be more successful than one of native birth—and an American born of foreign parentage is more successful than an American born of native parentage. The reason is probably that foreign families have come to America seeking opportunities and are aggressively

trying to get ahead. They are willing to work intensively and for as long hours as may be necessary. Unlike many American born, they have not become softened by an easy mode of life.

Debt is often a spur to incentive, according to the insurance company's studies. A man heavily in debt may be a good employment risk, when one with a trifling debt is a poor risk. The more a man is in debt, the harder he should work to get himself out of debt; moreover, the very fact that he has been able to contract a substantial debt suggests that he has a kind of selling ability; he had to use salesmanship to induce somebody to lend him money, or trust him for money, in the first place. But a small debt might indicate only financial carelessness.

An independent income is usually a deterrent to a salesman's success; but if a man does have an unearned income, a large one is often less harmful than a small one. The man with the larger independent income has opportunities to mingle with people who have both money and vision, and he may wish to be successful in his work as a means of satisfying his conscience, as well

as to convince the neighbors that he is entitled to have so much unearned money. In other words, he is anxious to be somebody. But the man with just enough money to keep him out of want if he loses his job, but not enough to place him in contact with people of affairs, is in danger of falling into lazy habits and of being a nuisance in his neighborhood. It is often men with independent incomes of \$2,000 or less who join

experience indicates that he is considerably less desirable. If unemployed for more than six months, he becomes a decidedly poor risk. Unless in ill health, he will hardly permit himself to be voluntarily idle for so long.

Records of several thousand men show that one who starts in at a low salary, considerably lower than he might get elsewhere, is likely to be successful and to stay on a job a long time. Such men are probably looking ahead and believe a sacrifice at first will in the long run be to their advantage.

While previous selling experience is in the applicant's favor, yet investigation showed that men who have been selling for more than five years are hardly so promising as those whose experience has been more brief. Probably the explanation is that if a man has had five years' selling experience and is successful, he will hardly be seeking another job.

Where a firm advertises for a salesman and talks the applicant into tak-

ing up movements of one kind or another.

The life insurance company's studies showed that men who had previously sold life insurance did not make as good records as those who had been barbers or truck drivers. This does not mean, however, that a barber or truck driver is naturally a better salesman than one of previous experience. The explanation is simply that a man who has been a barber would not ordinarily be hired to sell life insurance; if in spite of the prejudice against him, he is clever enough to obtain the job, then the chances are he has characteristics which will carry him through to success. On the other hand, the man with previous experience in selling life insurance might get the job too easily and it might not be evident until after he has had a trial that he is not so clever as he appeared to be.

According to actual figures, a man who resigns one job to take another may be expected to be more successful than if he were unemployed and compelled to seek work. If a man has been unemployed for less than a month, this fact is not much of an argument against him; but if he has been unemployed for two or three months,

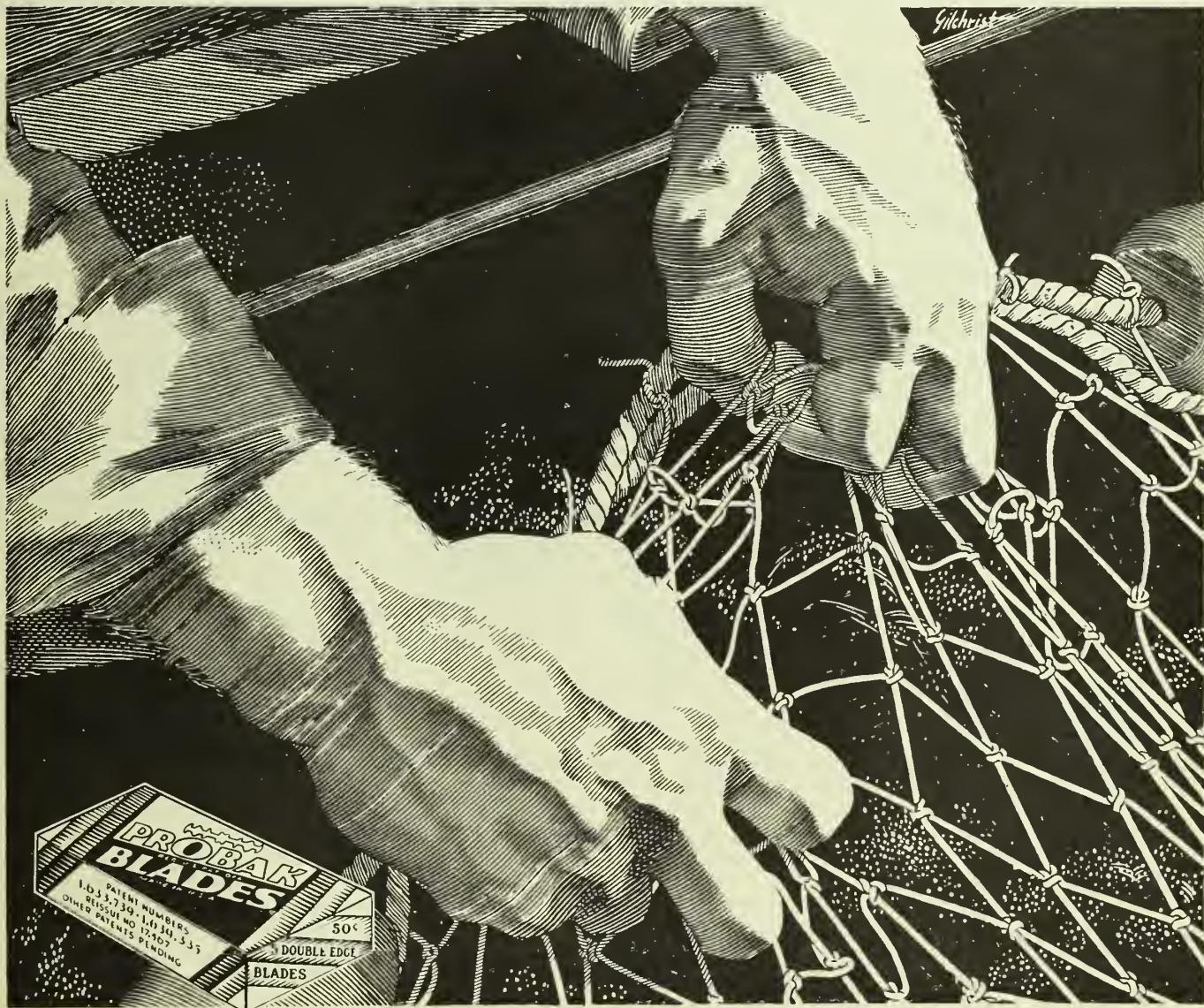
his chances for success—based on batting averages—are less than if he had to talk himself into the job. I used to know a salesmanager for an industrial concern who made it a regular practice, when employing new men, to tell them every possible objection and difficulty about the job they were seeking. He also made them come back at least once or twice more after his first interview. By such means, he hired only those who had enough perseverance and enthusiasm to override difficulties.

These investigations indicate that a man's previous salary is probably a fair estimate of his ability. Few men ever voluntarily work long for less than they are worth for the purpose of bettering themselves later on. A man's present salary may not be always what he is worth, but it is probably at least all he knows how to get. If he has been drawing the same salary for several years, the chances are he has exhausted his ingenuity to better himself.

This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Kelly on the predictability of human behavior. The articles will appear from time to time in the Monthly.



THE BLADE FOR MEN THAT ARE MEN



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PROBAK BLADES

THE BLADE FOR MEN THAT ARE MEN

Happily Ever After

(Continued from page 11)

Thomas Jefferson once lamented, "Few die and none resign." It was true of all job-holders in France from 1919 on; most of the time, there was a famine of jobs and an excess of candidates. And still jobs had to be found; home, happiness, all depended on it. With heart-groanings which they stifled, despite disappointments which they brushed aside, our husbands finally surmounted all difficulties (here let my husband give his private recipe) by "perseverance, imagination and guts. And the greatest of these is guts."

False pride vanished as lawyers became peddlers, temporarily, while looking for something better; doctors (lacking French diplomas and so unable to practice in France) became bookkeepers or tourist agents; and one ingenious fellow got appointed as missionary to the pagans of Paris.

At first, the veteran confessed, "Any old job will do, just so I can support my family." Later, he changed his mind; he was not so easily satisfied; normal human aspirations began to assert themselves; now, he wanted a job that he could like, with better hours and a chance of promotion, and so forth. During five years at least, there were constant changes and readjustments. Today, A. E. F. veterans are the leaders, with a few exceptions, of the "American City of Paris." They have the best jobs because they deserve them.

All that I narrate is as true as gospel, but I hope no jobless Legionnaire in America, as a result of it, will decide to come to Paris to try his luck. That would be silly, for the job situation is worse in Paris than it ever was, four applicants for every vacancy. Last year, the American Aid Society shipped back ninety-seven A. E. F. veterans who were unable to make the grade, often through no fault of their own. As I write, the most critical problem confronting Paris Post of the Legion is how to find work for unemployed members.

Our French families have definitely adopted these A. E. F. intruders as flesh of our flesh, blood of our blood—the children did it. Our friendly espionage over their habits, health and habiliments still irks them, but they are growing accustomed.

If our husbands have been "frenchified," we their wives have been more or less Americanized. A good thing for both of us, but particularly for the children who thereby get the advantage of two cultures. My husband tells them Bible stories—Joseph, David, and the Prodigal Son; I narrate classical tales—Ulysses, Penelope, and the Golden Fleece. He sings *Sweet and Low*, Barnby's beautiful lullaby, while I intone *Fais dodo, mignon petit frère*. He glorifies Abraham Lincoln; I relate the exploits of Joan of Arc.

Across the years, Husband and I have become comrades, intellectual as well as

conjugal. He teaches me English, while I correct his French. He reads Maurois and Morand, while I get acquainted with Sinclair Lewis and Dreiser (in translations, alas, for the originals are too expensive). I have introduced him to Victor Hugo and Pascal and Renan, while he has shown me the wisdom of Emerson and the humor of Mark Twain.

And so Life passes; the children grow, and Love lingers. It not only lingers; it increases, expands, deepens, and heightens. Why—I have tried to explain in this article which is truly mine own, except for the Americanisms and A. E. F. slang which are kindly contributed by my husband. All the rest is my work—facts noted, opinions expressed, and praise awarded. If somebody insists that my recital is far-fetched, that my portrayal of A. E. F. husbands is too good to be true, I can only reply—Life is like that!

POSTSCRIPT (by Husband).—She's got this all wrong, but one of these days I'm going to write an article myself. It will put the credit where it belongs, and its text will be, "French women make the best wives." Six thousand A. E. F. husbands can't be wrong.

Anyhow, she got the fur coat and the evening gown she was after. When she wrote *Hors Concours* on my service record, what else was there for me to do?

A New Fight for the Disabled

(Continued from page 6)

unsuccessful claimants, take the initiative, instead of waiting for such claimants to come to them.

The Minnesota Department of the Legion has a district organization, corresponding to the ten Congressional districts. When, in 1928, Earl V. ("Pat") Cliff of Ortonville became commander of the Seventh District, he asked Carl D. Hibbard, manager of the Minneapolis office of the Veterans Bureau, whether his office would not assemble for him the names of all veterans in his district who, up to that time, had filed unsuccessful claims. The office did.

Mr. Cliff sent groups of names to the various post service officers in the district with directions to see each claimant and offer help in reviving his claim. The result was a stream of fresh affidavits and requests for examination, as well as new claims, flowing into the Bureau office.

The next year, 1929-1930, saw Mr. Cliff advanced to Department Commander and expansion of the Seventh District experiment to include the entire State, with the exception of the Twin Cities—Minneapolis and Saint Paul—where Regional Office contacts are easily made.

Called to bat in inaugurating the en-

larged program, the Regional Office played ball. It went through its files, assembling the disallowed claims by districts.

As the "disability allowance" for a twenty-five percent permanent disability not acquired in the World War had not then been provided, disability compensation was the end sought. After July 3, 1930, disallowed claims for disability allowance were taken into the program.

Distribution was made at service officers' schools in the various districts. The committee had drawn up a questionnaire covering more ground than the original application form for compensation. The Regional Office typed on copies of the questionnaire, one for each man, the names and addresses of unsuccessful claimants. A total of 3,607 questionnaires was distributed at the outset, as of November, 1929, among about 300 posts. No preliminary review was made by the Bureau, and all disallowed claims (Twin City claims excluded) were sent out regardless of nature of disability.

The program concentrated on two main classes of claims: those of a conceded 10 percent disability and "failure to co-operate" claims wherein claimants had not

reported for examination or submitted requested data. The claimant's signature was obtained on a Bureau form empowering the service man to act as his agent.

Under Legion auspices, schools for service officers, open to all veterans and members of The American Legion Auxiliary, were conducted at strategic places.

The Regional Office set up a "Post Service Officers' Unit," its personnel assigned to co-operation and contact with Legion workers in furthering the campaign on disallowed claims. As completed questionnaires were returned to this unit, it made a confidential brief of the facts of record regarding each claim and mailed the brief to the Post Service Officer. This was co-operation. The brief would set forth such information as findings of medical examiners, data on hospitalization, if any, and whether the claim was favorably affected by legislation enacted since its disallowance.

Now, how does the system help the individual with a claim?

Cannoneer Dunning's case is typical. He had applied for compensation in April, 1923, alleging shell shock, nervous debility, pain in the lungs. While in combat

in the Argonne, he said, he had been hit by an enemy shell and hurled forty feet. Examination by a Bureau physician, outside Minnesota, disclosed none of the disabilities alleged. In the same year, examination by a private physician disclosed "a stiffness of muscles." The service record, obtained from Washington, was silent as to the shell incident or anything like it. The claim was rejected.

Dunning kept on making filings. In one of them he said he had been on duty when "his gun exploded." So far he had failed to say anything about having a partly disabled arm, much less ascribing it to an experience in battle.

The claim hung fire until a live Service Officer of the Legion post in Dunning's up-state neighborhood took it up. Here was a buddy with service-incurred disabilities that impaired his earning power. Before the war, Dunning had worked in logging camps, done some trapping and acted as a guide. His injury prevented such work.

Using "veterans' claim" columns, the Legion service office found Dunning's sergeant, who corroborated his story of the explosion. The Bureau office had the Adjutant General's Office in Washington make a search. The A. G. O. had a notation from a field-hospital tag which read: "Conjunctivitis due to powder burns caused by being too close to rifle log when fired."

The Service Officer, his blood up, submitted affidavits of persons who had known Dunning continuously from the day of his return from service, to the effect that he had suffered from disabilities at the time and had not incurred any bone fractures since. On the showings, claimant was awarded ordinary compensation of \$54.40 a month, with an initial check for \$1,745.65.

A summary of accomplishment under the plan is impressive.

Of the 4,687 disallowed compensation claims reported by the Regional Office, as of January 15, 1932, contacts were made with 2,913 claimants, additional evidence was submitted on 1,111 claims, 504 examinations were authorized and 328 claims were reopened. A "contact" does not always mean that a claimant was seen; a contact was credited for any report on a questionnaire of whatever kind, as of a death or a "moved away"—and 41 deaths and 1,102 changes of address were so noted.

Of the 328 claims reopened, 105 were again disallowed outright, twenty-three were granted service connection without compensation (as being of less than ten percent disability) and 200 were granted service connection with compensation. On the 200 such awards, the total of initial checks was \$185,155.37 and of monthly checks, \$10,066.98. More of the claims will be reopened as evidence is accumulated. As for disallowed claims for disability allowance, of a total of nearly 1,400 reported, 730 were approved and 406 denied; the rest are pending. The total of initial checks paid was \$34,977.09 and of monthly checks, \$16,014.

U.S. PATENT

1852265

ISSUED APRIL 5, 1932



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Never Again in These United States

(Continued from page 19)

partly, that supported Germany under the financial strain in meeting her war reparation payments that went largely to France.

We know only too well, now, how the crash on the Stock Exchange in the fall of 1929 was followed by succeeding stages of descent in the drama of depression. When we turned the corner we found that each promised upturn was a downturn. In the spring of 1931, as we bumped along, it looked as if we were really on the bottom. All signs pointed to better times in the fall. Then we heard, as did all the world, from thrifty Marianne in a universal money crisis.

POOR France had been accumulating in her stockings, garrets and cellars during the war the money that the British and American armies spent there. At the end of the war she had a billion of gold in the vaults of the Bank of France aside from private hoardings which made a colossal whole. After the war generous-spending American tourists, not to mention South American and European, and Americans living in France on incomes drawn from home, were adding four or five hundred millions a year to her wealth, and she without a single gold mine. Every dollar an American spent in France meant a dollar's worth of wheat, or raw material, or manufactured goods, produced by the sweat of our brows at home. By the fall of 1931 France had a gold reserve second only to our own, and vast credits abroad. In ratio to her population she had more gold than we.

The mighty Bank of France speaks the voice of France's gold, and the mighty Bank of England that of England's gold. Marianne was drawing in her credits, and so heavily from John Bull that an amazed world was staggered by the news that England had gone off the gold standard. Japan, the Scandinavian and other countries followed suit. Germany was on the edge of insolvency. A year's moratorium was declared on reparations. Soviet Russia grinned at the promised breakdown of the capitalistic system. Money, money, and still more money from us at a time when we were already suffering from severe contraction of credit!

We were deeper in international finance than we wanted to be—as deep as we were in the war crisis when we were sending ten thousand men a day to France. Now, as then, we had to see it through, with dollars instead of soldiers to prevent our being further engulfed in world bankruptcy. We sustained England as well as Germany with credits, with money which put many of our home concerns on the rocks. But more would have been on the rocks if we had followed any other policy.

There was alarm lest attacks on our gold reserve by the Bank of France should

force us, too, off the gold standard. Be the sum thousands of cents or thousands of dollars more of us were finding that it was no use to draw checks in face of the notice of suspension on bank doors. The effect of this was the same as if the cow held out on you and gave no milk; or, after you planted the seed, although the sun shone and there were ample spring rains, the wheat did not come up. The employer drawing a check for his payroll was in the same predicament.

But in Canada, which was also hard hit by trade contraction in her close economic relation with us, there were no bank failures. Every Canadian's check was good when he drew it if he had any balance left. The British banking system had known no such casualties as that of the rich United States. What was the matter with our own system?

Standard stocks of our great corporations, representing the industrial power and wealth of the country, had a loan value of as low as one-fifteenth of what they had at the top in 1929. South American bonds were defaulting. It looked as if German bonds might. Weak home bonds and second mortgages were. Cities which had borrowed to their limit could not meet their bills. Some could not pay their school teachers. Bonds of great railroads, which were held by savings banks and insurance companies, were following the downward course of stocks and commodities on the market.

Lacking any such combined banking and governmental centralization as had aided England, our strong banks must bolster themselves to help the weak, draw

in their loans, and have cash in hand (though it was not working for them) for their own self-protection. The national Government, which came to the rescue of the money situation with the Finance Corporation, was facing a rapidly mounting deficit. It looked as if the financial credit of the nation might be impaired.

Steam shovels, and pneumatic drills and riveting guns were silent. The spirit of initiative was stifled. No new enterprises could be undertaken or old ones expanded. Individuals were hoarding money out of circulation. Everybody was playing close with any money he had. Less consumption meant less production and in turn less production brought increase of unemployment.

In my travels I found that New York City, the money center, was the gloomiest place. It was most subject to the drop in the values of stocks and bonds, of the passing of dividends by great railroads for the first time in fifty years.

The cities were worse off than the farms. The worst off among cities were those that had the greatest expansion, and discounted future expansion in American confidence with corresponding drastic contraction; one-industry cities when that industry was hard hit; and cities that had been profligate in municipal expenditures and management. The cities which were the best off had diversified industries with rich surrounding farming country.

My experience during the winter of 1931-'32 was the same as ranging the front seeing the men in the trenches, and back to headquarters and the supply stations. In December and January it looked as if we



Motorist: "Fill 'er up"

were not even "bumping along on the bottom," but we might be about to toboggan on the worst decline yet. We might not stop the enemy at Château-Thierry but have to form a new line back of Paris. But, homeward bound from the Pacific Coast, I took cheer when a cattleman said to me:

"Three months ago I could not have borrowed a dollar a head on my herd from the same bank that asked me yesterday if I would like a loan."

In sight of the wreckage, human and material, we may ask the same questions about the depression that we asked during the war. Who was to blame for it? What lessons have we learned out of the ordeal? What good can come out of it? And most poignant of all—how soon shall we be out of it, back to normal?

The depression guilt can be placed on no man or group, public or private, in or out of office, let us say; probably there was only a lack of foresight on the part of those whose business it was to foresee; a neglect of their duty to the whole on the part of those whom fortune and accepted ability had placed in responsible positions. Those who had foresight and a sense of duty were overwhelmed in the current of inflated optimism.

The draft of the depression has placed the man out of a job and the man who has lost his fortune elbow to elbow in common want. When you hope that the seat of your pants will not break out in an indecent hole until you have paid your rent you do not feel snobbish.

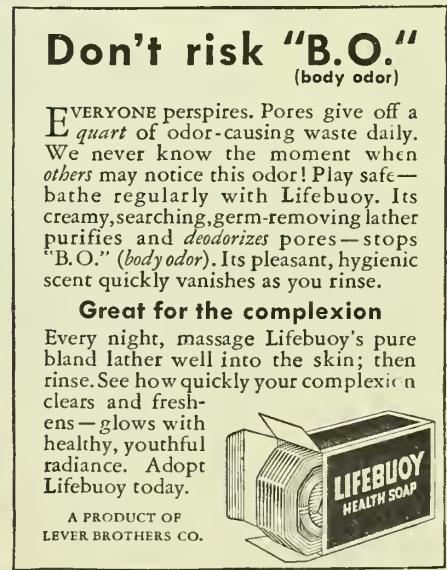
Some crooks who have been too free with other people's hard-earned money—without ever earning an honest dollar themselves—have been sent to jail. There are others who ought to be sent. Let us see to it that they are sent. Not that I like to see people punished, but that I like to see professional parasites and confidence men found out and get what is coming to them.

In my travels I found the same kind of patience and gameness in this crisis as in the war crisis. People could smile when they did not know where the next meal was coming from. Often I have been asked if I noted any growth of "red" sentiment, which is supposed to feed on hard times. I have found very little—found patriotism in place of Bolshevism—patriotism which did not want to rock the boat in heavy seas. But there was unrest and questioning. The American "Why?" had a penetrating intensity at times. When the storm is over, and we are away from the roar of surf on the ledges, there must be an accounting. And in the future relief must be surer and quicker, when misfortune reaches out its calamitous hand.

More alarming to me than irresponsible "red" talk was the equivalent of defeatist talk in the war in remarks—especially prevalent in some of the older sections and industrial sections—that the good times would never come back again.

This is quite (Continued on page 48)

—AND HE THOUGHT HE WAS SAFE— by ALBERT DORNE



Never Again in These United States

(Continued from page 47)

un-American, contrary to our character and history. Let all defeatists recall how France and Belgium rebuilt their ruins.

England, Germany, France, Belgium cannot even grow enough food for their people. They lack our natural resources. No one can span our country as I have in the last six months and be discouraged. I not only went from coast to coast, but I made a trip which few people except those of the Central States make, down through the middle of our country from the Canadian border to the Rio Grande. Its revelation of the variety of our climate and products and future possibilities should remove the last fleck of gloom from the most lugubrious of permanent depressionists. Westward in the Mountain States—Idaho, Utah, Wyoming, Colorado—as well as on the Pacific Coast—the impression was the same.

We complain that we produce too much food when people are not getting enough food? That we may have the facilities to produce too many cars, too much clothing,

too much construction material when people are going about in rickety old cars, in shiny patched suits, their houses in need of repair? We hear the argument that city people should move away from the cities to where they can grow their food which they have no money to buy. No doctrine seems so false to me as the "Back to the Farm!" solution, which may be a temporary expedient, in order as hospitals are for the care of the war-wounded. But the wounded who recover leave the hospitals.

We must make the machine age our servant instead of our master. Planning for all must take the place of planning for self alone, which had proven against the interests of self as well as of all. In this reward leadership must find its satisfaction. We do not want a soviet system in which every citizen is the ticketed cog of a state machine under a dictatorship.

In my travels I found that each Legion post, which has been a rallying point of practical aid and fellowship these last

three years, did not always realize the might of the total of all the Legion posts. When the Legion started its job-getting campaign it did not just make a noise. It got the jobs.

The heaviest casualties of the depression have been among the older generation. There are many stricken elders who can never come back. Ex-service men, now in the prime of life, have the resiliency to snap into action promptly and to sustain action. The depression has brought opportunity to them a little earlier than it would normally. They have the elbow-to-elbow inheritance to apply in standing by sound governmental policy, as an example to old and young.

During the war I often heard soldiers say that they were fighting for such a peace that those who came after them would not have to endure a like ordeal. So the men of 1917-'18 may work for the future of their children by making sure that the tragedies of 1929-'32 shall never happen again.

The Debt

(Continued from page 28)

[Barney Whipple, it will be observed at this point, was in the interests of justice departing from the truth.] I imagine he did that the minute you left your tent to go to mess. Then I framed you by telling you there was a sudden call for a guard, to get into your blouse and report to me with rifle and belt so I could inspect. I had an idea you used coke and that you'd take it with you. You did. Only you had Nosey's layout on your person too and both pawn-tickets. You claimed a frame-up and because I couldn't prove you hadn't been framed I had to find out. So I hid you where you could see everything, then called Maher to my orderly tent and read him the story of his past life. I played the boob. Permitted him to think his protestations of reform made a hit with me, and let him go, because I knew he'd figure that if the police had turned him up to the Army authorities they'd turned you up also; I knew it would occur to him that you might do what he had already done—plant the evidence on him! So he ran back to his tent to investigate—and sure enough there was the evidence back on him again! He carried it back to you at once! Mongoose, alias Bedlow, I'll have to admit you've been framed, but still I've got to be told by that pawnbroker that you weren't in on this deal. Meanwhile, follow me to the mill."

The Mongoose followed meekly, for Barney Whipple had buckled on his pistol. And at the mill The Mongoose, minus his comforting cocaine and hypodermic syr-

inge, was placed in solitary confinement. Ten minutes later Nosey O'Kane was similarly confined in a cell at the other end of the guard-house, nor did he bring with him the comfort he would begin to crave.

Now, a military prisoner is entitled to his trial within forty-eight hours after incarceration, nor may he be held longer than that without charges being preferred against him. On Monday morning, therefore, Barney Whipple reported that he had confined both men for grand larceny and could prove the case, whereupon the company commander confirmed the order of confinement and directed the first sergeant to draw up the charges and specifications. But first Barney Whipple sought and obtained a pass to the adjacent city, where he interviewed the pawnbroker who, at his request, accompanied him back to camp next day, en route listening to a few instructions from Barney Whipple! As a result, when The Mongoose and Nosey O'Kane were lined up at Retreat with C Company, that pawnbroker failed to identify either prisoner, but only for the reason that Barney Whipple had ordered him not to."

"The case bogs down, sir," First Sergeant Whipple reported to the company commander mournfully. "Without the pawnbroker's identification we could never convict. The prisoners would claim a frame-up."

The captain agreed and at Retreat that night The Mongoose and Nosey O'Kane were released without trial and returned

to duty. The battery street was deserted when they reached their respective tents, the company having, as usual, dispersed to the K. of C. and Y. M. C. A. huts. Only First Sergeant Whipple and the non-com in charge of quarters remained.

Once inside his tent, The Mongoose took down his rifle and filled the magazine. The craving for cocaine had been on him for forty-eight hours and he was in a killing mood. He had trusted Nosey O'Kane and Nosey had betrayed him—committed the unforgivable crime of the underworld. Hence Nosey O'Kane must die. In his present semi-demented state it mattered nothing to The Mongoose what came after that. Of course, if the military police should capture him he would swing or face a firing squad. However, at this juncture the native caution of the man bade him go slowly. His rifle would never do. The first shot would bring the guard. He must do his job quietly.

He drew his bayonet from the scabbard and ran his thumb speculatively along the point. Dull! He would have to strike hard. Decidedly, he could not make hand-use of the bayonet. He had to have not only the weight of the rifle behind his thrust, but the weight of his body.

The Mongoose shipped his bayonet and slid a cartridge into the breech, thus cocking the piece. Then he slid the cut-off over and locked the piece, turned—and found Nosey O'Kane turning in to the tent.

"You rat!" Nosey rasped hatefully. Then he lunged—and thrust home. In

that fateful moment The Mongoose remembered his bayonet practice, knew that Nosey would back away from his feeble return thrust and avoid it entirely, or, if struck, be wounded but slightly. But The Mongoose would not give ground, although he felt a great weakness stealing over him as Nosey O'Kane thrust deeper and pressed harder, striving to put him on his back—so, in unconscious imitation of a maniac Moro who runs amok, The Mongoose pressed forward—and actually crawled up the bayonet! He could not thrust, but his thumb flipped over the lock; he raised his rifle a very little and fired it in Nosey O'Kane's face.

Nosey fell forward. Again and again The Mongoose fired into the body before him.

THE non-commissioned officer in charge of quarters leaped out of his seat as shots echoed through the company street.

"What's that?" he cried.

"A killing," First Sergeant Whipple replied casually. He drew his pistol and stepped out into the deserted street. "Somebody'll break in a jiffy," he announced. "I'll halt him at once—and if he don't halt I'll bust him."

The Mongoose staggered out of his tent, toward Barney Whipple. "I've killed the double-crossin' dog," he shouted—and pitched forward on his face. He was dead when Whipple reached him.

"You ought to find Maher dead in that tent," the sergeant told the non-com in charge of quarters. "If he is, have this double portion of carrion taken to the morgue; then route out your fatigue detail and clean this mess up."

In the morning Barney Whipple made an unofficial report to his company commander. "They killed my pal in cold blood, sir. But Giovanni Bordelli and I were closer than brothers, and we'd sworn an oath that the crook that bumped one of us off had to answer to the other. No law's delay for us, sir. In civil life I'd have killed The Mongoose and Nosey O'Kane for resisting arrest, even if they didn't resist it, but when I found them in the Army, sir, I had to mind my step. I recognized them the day they reported from the recruit camp. . . . I've been to some trouble framing on those two yeggs but I had to. I'd promised my partner . . . You see, sir, I know the mind of a crook—I just worked on their suspicions—filled their heads with a lot o' wild thoughts—an' then tucked 'em away in the mill for forty-eight hours without their coke. I knew they'd be in a killin' mood when they came out—and they had forty-eight hours in which to do a lot more wild thinkin'. The Mongoose and Nosey were absolutely lawless, sir, but they had a code—the code of their calling—and they lived up to it. I knew they would and I fixed it for them. . . . It's easy, sir, when you know how. . . . and we're rid of them without any trouble and I feel a lot better for having made good to old Giovanni. He certainly was one fine wop."

THE END

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a man who
smokes a pipe..."*

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less of price.**

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A SUPER-X .22 Long Rifle bullet fired into the block of ice on the right shattered it into countless chunks and pieces. Compare it with the much weaker effect of an ordinary .22 Long Rifle cartridge, shown by the ice cake on the left. Both blocks of ice were 12-inch cubes. Both shots were fired at 25 feet.

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On to Manchester!

(Continued from page 4)

thousand youngsters enrolled on nearly nine thousand teams the first year. It was interest in boys as future citizens of the United States and in baseball as a means of teaching better citizenship that brought the series into being.

In the first years, it took a lot of salesmanship to get a city properly interested in putting on the Little World Series, but a keen rivalry has come about among Legionnaires and civic leaders to get the finals of the competition for their respective home towns.

This year Manchester was the successful bidder. In other years the series has been played in Chicago, Louisville, Memphis and Houston. Manchester has been the scene of two regional competitions in which New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Vermont and Maine champions battled for the privilege of representing New England in the Eastern finals. Last year it was host city to the all-Eastern play-off.

The Manchester Legion is planning to make this the greatest sports event in all New England and the outstanding Little World Series so far. A corporation, patterned along the lines of those which have handled the affairs of Legion national conventions, has been formed to handle the event. The Corporation's board of directors is made up of the Governor of New Hampshire, the Mayor of Manchester, State Legion officials, and representatives of the three Manchester posts of the Legion. The games will be played in the municipal stadium, where provision is being made to seat 10,000 people. The business men have declared a half holiday for the date of the opening game and all stores will close.

The State Department of the Legion has divided the State of New Hampshire into two sections, with the western half of the State to adopt the western champions, and the eastern half the boys who win the eastern title. In this way the two visiting teams will be assured a division of vocal acclaim and support from the stands. The

Manchester band will lead the rooting section of one team, while the neighboring city of Nashua will send its band to support the other.

Invitation to attend the series has been accepted by most of the New England Governors. High dignitaries of organized baseball, headed by Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis and Presidents John Heydler and William Harridge, of the National and American Leagues, respectively, will be in attendance, as well as many Legion notables from far and wide. There will be parades, receptions and entertainment for all visitors.

And for the boys—well sir, nothing has been overlooked. As an advisory member of the Little World Series Corporation, Peter Harlan, a popular sixteen-year-old youngster, who for two years played on Manchester's state championship team, has been selected. Pete will tell the grown-ups what Loys like, and the corporation has promised to abide by his counsel. His orders to date call for sightseeing trips about the city, including a visit to the largest cotton mill in the world. Then after the series is over, a trip for both victor and vanquished through the famous White Mountains, with a 6,209-foot ride up to the top of Mount Washington. Then rides in speed boats about beautiful Lake Winnipesaukee, the third largest lake in the United States. The Old Man of the Mountain, Echo Lake, The Flume, Lost River and the birthplace of Daniel Webster will be visited.

Who wouldn't want to be a boy today!

Indiana has its Speedway Races, Kentucky has its Derby, and two cities will have the big World Series this fall.

But the Little World Series gives me the greatest thrill of all, and the afternoon of August 30th I expect to be spread out over a seat in the "amen corner" of the Manchester Municipal Stadium, with a bag of peanuts in one hand and a bottle of pop in the other, clamoring for the "ump" to call "Play Ball!"

Now You See 'Em, Now You Don't

(Continued from page 15)

the eggs after all and rose to my feet and clambered over the fence, my eyes still on the ground. As I threw my leg across the strands, the chuck flushed! She had been within ten feet of me all the time. Such is protective coloration at its best. Other birds of this family, such as the night-hawk or "bull-bat," exhibit it also.

There must be very few people who, looking at a conspicuously striped or spotted animal, can have failed to wonder why that animal is striped or spotted. Why is our common eastern deer possessed of a

spotted coat when a fawn and a uniformly tawny pelage when adult? The reason is obvious, but is seldom considered. The deer owes its continued well-being in populous communities to extreme agility, keen sight, hearing and smell, but these attributes do not apply to the animal in infancy. There is but one way for it to escape its many enemies at such a period and that way lies in the art of keeping still. Immobility, however, would not help much without contributing factors and this is where coloration enters. A fawn, lying in a patch of

sun-dappled thicket, so matches its surroundings that it escapes detection easily.

Certain markings of adult animals such as the white rump patch of the elk and prong-horned antelope, together with white under surface of the tail of the deer, are not so easily explained. It is generally thought that such markings are signal colors. A band of such animals suddenly put to flight can keep in touch with each other by seeing the white patches through the woods or across neutrally-tinted prairie.

In walking about a well stocked zoölogical park, the visitor will no doubt be impressed by the extreme conspicuousness of certain animals over others. Seen behind the bars of a cage, the peculiar coloration exhibited by any certain animal is not usually connected in the observer's mind with the natural environment of the creature. Certainly protective coloration is not protective in a cage! Therefore, if any thought occurred to the onlooker at all, it would probably be that the animal he is beholding could certainly be seen anywhere and at any time.

This is very far from the truth. Take two of the most conspicuous of all zoo animals, the tapir and the zebra. The tapir is found in two widely separated localities, Malaya and South America. The Malayan species is sharply marked with black and white, the whole forepart of the body being of the former shade and the hinder part of the latter, except the legs, which are black also. Seen in a zoo, it looks as if someone had painted it with a brush, so definitely are the black and white areas defined. It would seem that no possible advantage could be gained from such a combination and yet it is essentially protective in the creature's native haunts and when it is at rest. Professor Ridley, who studied the tapir in its home, found during its hours of ease it frequented the beds of dried-up water-courses and streams, choked with large rocks and boulders. In brilliant sunlight such situations are a jumbled mass of white rock and black shadow among which the tapir can scarcely be discerned at all! So that, at the time it needs protection most, when asleep or resting, it is altogether inconspicuous.

Here environment plays its important part in the general scheme for in the South American species, which lives in jungles and along wooded streams, the color is a uniform slatey gray.

In the zebra, black and white seem to have run riot in stripes! A zebra reminds me of nothing more or less than an animated lighthouse. Built to be conspicuous, lighthouses are banded, spiraled or striped in sharply contrasting blacks and whites. Seen in a zoo, remember, it could hardly be called protective. The zebra at rest in nature, however, is a different thing. In action this coloration does not, perhaps, fulfill its main purpose though it certainly plays peculiar tricks with an observer's eyes. Mrs. Carl Akeley states that in bright sunlight zebras may appear altogether white, or so be broken up in the shimmering (Continued on page 52)

THEY CALL IT
"ATHLETE'S FOOT"
BUT IT ISN'T A
JOKING MATTER

"ATHLETE'S FOOT"

preys on millions of people

[DONT LET IT PREY ON YOU!]

BEFORE the green leaves of summer fade into the gold of fall, many men and women who read no further than this paragraph will wish they had followed this message to the very end.

Here is a simple statement of fact: *At least 10 million people will be prey this summer to that widespread infection called "Athlete's Foot."*

Here is another: *Countless people who have "Athlete's Foot" today are doing nothing about it because they do not consider the danger signals serious.*

The peril comes from the fact that the germs, when unchecked, dig deep into skin and underlying tissues. They cause the skin to crack open, bringing on a soreness often so painful that shoes cannot be worn.

That's how serious "Athlete's Foot" can become. And even more serious, if other infections such as blood poisoning, lockjaw and erysipelas pass into the blood stream through those open sores.

Watch your step in places where "Athlete's Foot" abounds

It is one of nature's ironies that "Athlete's Foot" should attack most people when they are exposing their bare feet to damp

surfaces in the very act of promoting health.

For the tiny ringworm germ which causes this infection lurks by the billions on locker- and dressing-room floors. It swarms on beach walks and on edges of swimming pools, in gyms and bathhouses —even in your own spotless bathroom.

Use Absorbine Jr. to kill the germ of "Athlete's Foot"

You may have the first symptoms of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until you examine the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign douse on Absorbine Jr., morning and night.

Laboratory tests have demonstrated that Absorbine Jr. kills it quickly, when it reaches the germ. Clinical tests have also demonstrated its effectiveness.

Write for free sample

Absorbine Jr. has been so beneficial that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just-as-good-as." There is nothing like Absorbine Jr. Take a bottle on every outing. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 401 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass. In Canada: Lyman Building, Montreal.

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Simply douse soothing, cooling Absorbine Jr. on burning, feverish skin, after every exposure. It takes out the sting and encourages a sun-tan coat. No unpleasant odor, not greasy. Wonderful, too, for insect bites, bruises, burns, sore muscles

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for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches,
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ENGLAND SENDS HER PRAISES TO AMERICA

Britisher Calls American Firm "Benefactors to Human Race"

The Englishman is everywhere acknowledged to be a keen judge of fine tobacco. Little wonder, then, that the makers of Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco, right down in our own Richmond, Virginia, are proud of this tribute to their product from Mr. W. J. Russell of Newton College, Devon, England.

Newton College
Newton Abbot
Devon, England
Nov. 20, 1931

Larus & Brother Company
Richmond, Virginia, U.S.A.

Gentlemen:

I have just purchased and begun to smoke some of your Edgeworth Plug Slice. How long it has been possible to obtain this delectable tobacco in this country I do not know, but I am so delighted at having discovered it that I want to record my appreciation of it and of the firm that produces it. I had not realized that a tobacco so superior to any other was obtainable. The discovery has pleased me so much that I am constrained to write to you, whom I regard as benefactors to all pipe-smoking members of the human race.

Please accept, gentlemen, my sincerest thanks.

Yours faithfully,
W. J. Russell

Edgeworth has found its way into most of the countries of the world. It is nearer the truth to say that pipe smokers of foreign nations have "discovered" Edgeworth. They have found, too, that Edgeworth is always the same. To literally millions of men Edgeworth has been the happy ending to the quest for real smoking satisfaction. If you are not contented with your tobacco, try Edgeworth.

In his letter, Mr. Russell states that he, like many experienced pipe smokers who prefer to "rub up" their own tobacco, smokes Edgeworth Plug Slice. This is the form in which Edgeworth originally appeared, but it is also available as Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed, all ready for your pipe. Both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice come in all sizes from the 15-cent pocket package to the pound humidor tin.

If you have never smoked a pipe, and would like to know its joys and to "understand" the Edgeworth flavor, send your name and address to Larus & Brother Co., 111 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va., and they will send you a free trial packet of Edgeworth.

You are invited to tune in on the Edgeworth Radio Program every Thursday evening at eight o'clock, Eastern Daylight Time. The WJZ network of National Broadcasting Company.



Now You See 'Em, Now You Don't

(Continued from page 51)

heat haze as to appear inconspicuous in their native locale.

The above cases cover animals which are well known because of their being often seen in zoos and museums. Innumerable instances may be found among others the world over. The theory can hardly be termed such any longer for it has assumed the aspect of fact. Seen in the insect world its efficacy is astounding. Moths, butterflies and caterpillars exhibit it to a degree which leaves nothing to be desired. Appearing only as a bit of hanging bark; a dead leaf or gnarled twig, the Red Underwing and Poplar moths together with the caterpillar of the swallow-tailed moth are examples of insect concealment and illusion.

Anyone who has searched for the eggs or young of certain shore-birds among the broken bits of shell or pebble on a sea-beach, will bear emphatic witness to the protective coloration of both. Nesting entirely in the open, these birds rely wholly on the variegated patterns of their eggs and downy youngsters to avoid detection by enemies, human and otherwise, and their cloaks of invisibility are almost miraculous in completeness.

I have all but put my hand on a water moccasin, or "cotton-mouth," thinking that it was a tree root. I have seen scores of these deadly reptiles in the cypress swamps of the South but have probably passed within a few feet of hundreds and never realized it. In shoving off a dug-out from a buttressed cypress "knee" or other swamp growth, I have known others to nearly lay hold on a semi-coiled moccasin. Surely a mistake of this nature is likely to prove costly! At other times snakes of this species may lie perfectly motionless but with the jaws widely gaped, showing the livid white lining of the mouth which gives rise to the common name. In such a posture, I have seen them many yards away whereas, had the jaws been closed, they would have passed unnoticed.

The division of "imitative coloration" at times verges closely on the "protective." There are those of the latter class which would seem to fall more exactly into the former, but after all, it amounts to choice of terms. The polar bear is an example of an animal which has no natural enemies; it has nothing to fear from other animals unless deliberately provoking such monsters as the walrus. It is the only bear which eats flesh exclusively; no herbs, roots, insects, etc., enter into its bill of fare. Therefore its white coat can hardly be for the purpose of "protecting" it from attack but it does invest the animal with a cloak of invisibility which enables it successfully to attack other forms of life in a treeless, barren region. A dark colored bear would have a thin time in the Arctic! To some then it would seem that the polar bear is "imitatively colored" rather than protectively colored, though strictly speaking,

its white fur "protects" it from being noticed.

From the Arctic to the tropics is a long jump but a parallel case exists in the case of the alligator and crocodile. I have had rather intimate acquaintance with the former for many years and the resemblance of the big saurians to an old log is often very marked. The alligator has no natural enemies after attaining maturity (always excepting man) and it is not to be supposed that its likeness to old timbers is of benefit in any way other than to make it inconspicuous to its intended victims. They do not chase their prey but play the waiting game to a large extent and more frequently than otherwise, its victims walk or swim literally into waiting jaws of death.

In direct contrast to those animals and birds whose fur and plumage tends to make them inconspicuous under suitable conditions, are those dwellers of the wilds whose appearance is deliberately calculated to attract notice. Such creatures are characterized as wearing "warning coloration." It is found not only among those animals which are positively dangerous to other animals and man, but also among the most harmless, those that subsist entirely on "bluff." Bluff is an attribute which may, or may not, be a creditable characteristic but that it operates successfully in nature as well as among human beings cannot be doubted.

One of the common American snakes carries this art of bluff to perfection and may be considered the foremost exponent of it in creation. So thoroughly does it delude observers that it has gained for itself such deadly names as "spreading adder," "puff adder" and "blowing viper." In reality, it is one of the most harmless forms of life on earth; its correct name being hog-nosed snake because of the distinct upturn of the snout.

To see one of these thick, squat and mottled snakes throw itself into a posture of alertness, flatten out its neck and utter a loud hissing noise is enough for most people to conclude immediately that a more venomous creature does not exist. But one cannot make these snakes do any more than look bad. They will not bite and cannot be induced to do so. If finally goaded to strike they lunge forward with tightly closed jaws! In other words, the hog-nosed snake is an absolute bluffer.

Another snake of very different character also wears this type of marking. The coral snake, a venomous species found in southeastern United States, is vividly marked with bands of red, black and yellow. Such brilliance is suggestive of certain poisonous plants and the reptile is given wide berth by creatures which instinctively realize its venomous character. Western North America harbors the only poisonous lizard of this country, the so-called gila monster, and its conspicuous

black and yellowish white markings constitute a warning to man and beast.

Warning coloration is carried to a fine degree among insects. Black and yellow appear to be the danger combination; wasps, yellow-jackets and hornets exhibiting it in varying degrees. Some harmless species show this also, notably the caterpillars of certain moths such as the hawk-eyed. Being quite helpless, they possess the "danger signal" as a means of self preservation and are let severely alone by other creatures because of their resemblance to such terrors as wasps.

One more well known and always conspicuous example of warning coloration is the porcupine. Almost as familiar as the skunk, this spiny creature is a slow moving and entirely self-centered fellow. It has no hesitancy in coming straight into camps at night; it moves aside for nothing, be an intruder a human, a bear or a wild-cat. It rests secure amid its enveloping panoply of spears and woe betide the rash animal which attacks it. The lashing tail will fill its paws and jaws with barbed spines and, unable to remove them, the unfortunate dies a lingering death as the quills work their way on into its vitals.

During the World War much attention was directed to what was commonly called "camouflage." Guns, munition dumps, airdromes, roads and ships were decked out in astounding color schemes of broken lines, circles and angles. It was not always the aim to render the camouflaged object inconspicuous, but rather so to break up its actual shape and outline as to thoroughly confuse the observer. This was particularly true of marine camouflage. It was not possible to make such a huge vessel as the *Leviathan* inconspicuous at sea, but it was possible to render it so confusing an object in a combination of angles and tangents that a submarine observer could not be certain of its direction and vital parts. It might appear shorter or longer than it actually was; it might appear to be taking a course varying from the real one followed. At any rate, camouflaged ships so frequently misled the enemy that the firing of a torpedo could very well result in a miss and often did, whereas, without the weird color combinations employed, a hit would have been the case.

To say that everyone who goes afield has had experience, either consciously or unconsciously, with natural camouflage would be nothing less than the truth. The things we do not see far outnumber those we do and the reason for it must be obvious. The same thing applies to animals themselves, innumerable forms of life escape death from others because they are not seen, or if they are, because their appearance signalizes danger, either real or simulated, and they are consequently avoided.

Taken singly or as a whole, natural coloration of any sort is a most fascinating study and can afford the outdoors man endless instructive enjoyment in attempting to fathom its yet mysterious secrets.



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Visit California on your way to or from the convention.

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The Legion Presses On

(Continued from page 22)

needy and the unemployed would be able to take care of themselves during the summer. That, however, is not the case at all. The tremendous burden placed upon welfare and relief organizations throughout the United States during the winter has precipitated a crisis, the gravity of which is a matter of deep concern to all thinking Americans.

Officials of leading welfare and social-service organizations recently made a comprehensive survey of conditions in thirty-seven large cities and announced that their reports "painted a sorry picture for a proud country to contemplate." It was indicated also that private funds as well as the funds of municipalities and States were nearing complete exhaustion.

The results of this survey were announced shortly after we had reached the half-million mark and were pressing on to the three-quarter million mark and to the million. A situation, then, was presented to us on the basis of authentic figures, in all its grave possibilities. And although the Legion's objective was within our sight, we believed that the men of the Legion would not be content to rest on the victory earned.

The Legion now is marching alone, except for the gallant women of The American Legion Auxiliary. On May 1st, having accomplished the purposes of their phase of our campaign, the representatives of the

American Federation of Labor and of the Association of National Advertisers, who had been working side by side with us since the opening of the drive, went back to their usual pursuits, leaving the Legion to press onward. In the united action group campaign, as planned last winter, the Legion was to be the spearhead in the attack on the forces of depression. The affiliated organizations brought to us a welcome and most powerful support—a backing and a background which enabled us to press the campaign with the vigor which led to its ultimate success. In this connection I would like to pay public tribute to Carl Byoir who, as Director of Organization of the united action group, brought to the campaign the support of the Association of National Advertisers, through which, by means of radio and the press, we were able to spread our message like a blanket over the country, and to Roy Dickinson, Legionnaire, who fostered the idea of the united action campaign. I want also to acknowledge the fine co-operation of the American Federation of Labor and of Matthew Woll, its vice-president.

It is true enough that our membership has given up, unselfishly and ungrudgingly, a large part of its time and effort to an idealistic campaign which properly might not be considered a part of its purpose. But the need is still great, and we must carry on.

The Man Meets the Job

(Continued from page 25)

meeting at which representatives of other civic organizations met with the Legion to discuss community enterprises opened the way for an association of all welfare activities during that winter.

On February 3, 1931, announcement was made that the Legion was opening a free employment bureau for all local unemployed. Voluntary registration brought in approximately 300 men and women within two weeks and over 600 in six months.

And newspaper articles and advertisements called public attention to the bureau and urged co-operation in finding work, stressing the thought that the local worker should be given every preference in filling positions.

After six months the city and county commissions joined in the financial support of the bureau and a combined office centralized all charity, relief, and employment work.

So that by February 1st of this year this bureau had registered 1242 workers, and made 2753 placements. Five hundred thirteen men and women had been placed in permanent jobs. A house-to-house canvass supplementing our regular work

produced over 200 more jobs. We regard all this as a very creditable showing.

FRANK A. JOHNSON POST
Johnson City, New York

EACH post should organize a welfare association taking in all churches and lodges. This eliminates selfishness. We have charge of all needy cases in our community, for food, coal and clothing. Rents and medical needs we turn over to the town poor officer.

You must have money to run such an organization but by having all organizations combined into one we have no trouble. They all do their share by having dances, card parties, tag days, bake sales, musical entertainments.

We have charge of all employment in our community, also registration for such state work as emergency relief. We can-vass the homes for work, also factories. We furnish men for the village, township, and county, and help the schools with milk and clothing for the needy children.

We have made a permanent welfare organization which is a credit to the community and Legion. It has taken work

to do it. We have done away with duplications in home relief and have sponsored all work projects in our community.

HENRY H. GRAVES POST
Jackson, Mississippi

WE FORMED a ration depot for proven needy under supervision of community welfare; a clothing depot for issuing donated clothing necessities to needy; a store for used garments at price only to return expenses necessary to employ previously unemployed. County health authorities function overtime in clinic and call work.

Community morale is maintained by contact forces to combat communism. Employed donate one percent of salary or wages to unemployment fund, which is augmented by proceeds of entertainments.

Fund spent on public works, drawing man-power only from unemployed registered with United States' Employment Service, two days per week per man, two dollars per day; home-improvement campaign widely publicized to educate homeowners; \$2,000 contributed by material dealers, \$4,000 by other business interests, financial houses lend to home-owner funds for improvements; funds expended for advertising and office help previously unemployed, supervised by representatives from contributors; speakers further contact home-owner through civic clubs; this returns contributions through increased sales, absorbs man-power to use materials sold, benefits home owner obviously.

Contact was maintained with all employers to add all employees possible; avoid reducing pay-roll and stagger employment where possible; add men as rapidly as campaigns produce increased business.

Hoss Soldier

(Continued from page 29)

Executive Committee. It was two in the morning. There had been much debate and no progress. A committeeman was sputtering and struggling for words to frame a sweeping, most sweeping, resolution.

"May I assist the gentleman? 'Resolved that vice hereby be abolished and that virtue shall prevail.'

If not at home General Foreman possibly may be found in London, Paris, India or Africa, where he has trekked thousands of miles along the route of Livingston. He has made a mile of movie film, some of which he sometimes shows to friends. He has a rare shot of an elephant hunt, in which a gigantic bull was brought down with spears and arrows alone. He has a rare story about that mysterious animal known as the hippo-giraffe.

But on New Year's Day he is back on the North Side to keep open house beside a bowl of fragrant eggnog in the manner of the mauve decade. These occasions are an institution, and the General's calling list is in its second generation.



AT THE TOP OF THE HILL

A LONE figure in overalls surveys the fields of his labor. Freshly planted rows point their even lines around a gently rising hill. Seemingly the world and its people are far away. But this man is not alone!



His home is at the top of the distant hill. And in his home is a telephone. Eighty-five million miles of wire lead to it. His call is a command to one or more of several hundred thousand employees. Day or night he may call, through the Bell System, any one of nearly twenty million other telephones in this country and an additional twelve million abroad.

And yet, like you, he pays but a small sum for a service that is frequently priceless in value. The presence of the telephone, ready for instant use, costs only a few

cents a day. With your telephone, you are never alone. It is an investment in companionship, convenience, and security. Through it you can project your personality to the faraway places of the earth, or bring familiar voices to the friendliness of your fireside.

Undoubtedly a great factor in the continued progress and improvement of telephone service is the intangible but real spirit of service that has become a tradition in the telephone business. This spirit expresses itself daily and in any emergency. And behind the army engaged in giving service is the pioneering help of a regiment of five thousand scientists and technical men, engaged in the sole task of working for improvement. This group devotes itself exclusively to seeking ways and means of making your telephone service constantly better and better.

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Numerous Legionnaire References

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777 North Meridian

(Continued from page 21)

a meeting in Wilkes-Barre than transacting across his desk in Indianapolis the vast body of business that passes through his hands. In the course of a year the Commander visits every State, and shakes hands with more people than anyone in America. And during this time he is attending, often by telephone and telegraph, to the details of an executive job of proportions sufficient to occupy a person with no other claims on his time or energy.

The headquarters are organized to take care of this situation. The general manager of the corporation, National Adjutant James F. Barton, is on the job all the time. At national conventions, a replica of headquarters goes with him, and is set up in the convention city. Adjutant of the Iowa Department for five years and National Adjutant for seven, Jim Barton is known wherever the Legion is known. National Headquarters of the Legion has changed with the changing life of the organization and of the million men and women who compose it. The problems of this year are not those of last. There is no such thing as standing still—an organization goes backward or forward. The Legion has gone forward, and the machinery by which it does its work is the creation of Barton more than that of any other. Each division of the headquarters has its own head, but all, excepting the National Rehabilitation and the National Legislative Committees, which are located in Washington, are under the direct supervision of the Adjutant.

The Administration Division is in charge of Frank E. Samuel, of Kansas, Assistant National Adjutant. It embraces purchases and supplies where money is saved by buying paper by the ton and typewriter ribbons by the fifty gross, the filing department where last year 79,217 papers were put away; the stenographic and multigraph services which turn out a million and a half pages annually, and so on. This division also takes in the library, which is one of the most complete in existence dealing with American participation in the war, containing 1,675 volumes, pamphlets and so forth.

The Administration Division has charge of the important matter of membership, on which the influence and success of the Legion directly depends. At two o'clock each Friday afternoon is posted on a large blackboard in Mr. Samuel's office the standing of each Department and overseas outpost. If one State gains and another loses inquiry is made into causes, which have been carefully documented. This membership data has grown into a five inch shelf of pamphlets which contains about all there is to know on the subject of membership. "Obtaining and Retaining Membership" had a circulation of 12,500 copies last year. Ten thousand copies of "Membership Campaign Man-

uals" went out, but the "best seller" was "Facts About The American Legion," of which 600,000 copies were distributed.

In an Indianapolis park last summer a communist orator was ripping the Government to pieces. A hundred yards away two American Legion Junior Baseball nines trotted onto the field. By the third inning the Red's audience was all watching the game. "I hope that gives you an idea of what the National Americanism Commission of the Legion is trying to do," said Russell Cook, of Indiana, its director. "Our job is to combat subversive movements, which sounds very serious, and is of course no matter to be considered lightly. But it largely boils down to a matter of getting the youngsters on the right road, and seeing that our foreign born population learns American ways of thought and action. How's this, then?" Mr. Cook exhibited the batting order of a ball team in a New England mill town: Zajdel, Neidzwicki, Lynbourg, Kleviano and five others whose ancestors were not at Plymouth Rock. "You have no idea how seriously they take our junior baseball. A mother telephoned me from Memphis to complain that her son had been transferred from second base to center field."

The Americanism Commission knows what the radicals are doing in this country, and is not disturbed by the knowledge. There are fifty-six organizations, ranging from harmless pacifists to anarchists. They thrive on strong-arm opposition. The Commission pursues the policy of letting them have their say, like the Red in the park, and with a minimum of words and a maximum of deeds, shows people America as it stands has better to offer than they have. To this end the Commission originates and supervises hundreds of activities among young and adult that are helping in these troubled times to keep the country on an even keel.

The Child Welfare Division at the present moment is responsible for assistance to about 100,000 children of veterans. Contrary to lay belief, few of them are orphans. The physical needs of the average orphan are about as well met as if the child's parents were alive. Adoption is the eventual solution in such cases.

Last winter about 1300 children each month received emergency aid direct from the National Child Welfare Division, because for some reason aid from local sources was not forthcoming. The cost was \$2,500 a week. But this is a drop in the bucket. The division's task is one of organization through which local communities care for their own. Its work extends down to the finger-tips of the Legion, through the posts, the units of the Auxiliary and of the Forty and Eight and Eight and Forty which look after the rest of the hundred thousands. A large organization accomplishes this. The entire work is under

the direction of the National Child Welfare Committee of which Edwin E. Hollenback of Pennsylvania is chairman, and Miss Emma C. Puschner of Missouri is Director, with offices at headquarters in Indianapolis.

The assets of the national organization of The American Legion at the close of business on December 31st last, were \$6,301,191. The largest item in this figure is the endowment fund of \$5,000,000, administered by The American Legion Endowment Fund Corporation, of which Past National Commander James A. Drain is president. The interest on this fund is remitted to the Legion in quarterly instalments for the support of the National Rehabilitation Committee and the Child Welfare Division of Headquarters. It can be used for no other purposes. The second largest item is the \$500,000 Y. M. C. A. fund given to the Legion in 1919 without restriction as to its use.

The custody of this capital, excepting the Endowment Fund, and the expenditure of these funds, is the responsibility of the National Finance Committee of which Wilder S. Metcalf of Kansas has been chairman for ten years. The administrative officer of the committee is National Treasurer Bowman Elder.

Every corporation has a legal department, and the legal department of The American Legion is Remster A. Bingham of the Indianapolis bar. His title is National Judge Advocate, but he has another definition. "I am the No man." An organization with six million dollars invested is confronted with legal tangles all along, and these are the problem of Mr. Bingham.

Just now the most active branch of the Judge Advocate's practice concerns decisions on eligibility to membership. There has always been a pressure from without to lower the bars in this particular, but without success.

One cannot pick up a newspaper without reading about the Legion, and that is where the Publicity Division of head-

quarters takes a bow. Its director is Fred G. Condict, of Missouri, an old-time newspaperman, who knows his calling firsthand from country weekly to metropolitan daily. Mr. Condict learned the business before the type of modern propaganda that editors shy from was invented. His division deals with editors as an editor purveying an editor's stock in trade, which is news.

The Emblem Division started operation in 1919 with a desk drawer of lapel buttons and a fifty-cent stock ledger. Now it occupies more space than any other department of National Headquarters, and is a mail order concern doing nearly half a million dollars' worth of business annually.

The Legion's first thought in establishing this Division that has since grown so large was that it would thus retain control of the reproduction of its insignia, safeguard the dignity of its emblem and prevent its promiscuous use. That is still the first thought, to which profits are incidental. The best selling item has always been the bronze and blue lapel button, says E. O. Marquette, the Director. In eleven years 1,911,884 have been sold. Figures prior to 1921 are incomplete, but they are estimated at another million. Next come Legion caps, which the Division hesitatingly offered in 1925, laying in a supply of two dozen to meet all demands. More than 360,000 have been sold to date.

Who buys most of the items that are described in the Division's sixty-four page catalogue? The Division has just made 52,000 inquiries to find out. It learned that sales are in the same proportion to population the country over, whether in hamlets of less than five hundred persons, or cities of more than 300,000.

That, in a very sketchy way, is the Legion's National Headquarters, which exists to give effect to the mandates of national conventions and of the National Executive Committee. In addition to carrying out these mandates it serves in an advisory capacity to the Departments and posts of the Legion.

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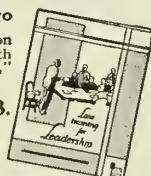
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Name.....

Present Position.....

Address.....

children who were left orphans as a result of their father's death near Camp Cody in 1918. Remembering Mrs. Greenway's recently told story, I asked permission to use her name and what she had told us. Part of her reply follows:

"I did not see the article you mention, but am intensely interested. Of course you can send any facts you think might be interesting about the deaths of Lieutenants Jean Jegou and Ferdinand Herber. There was, in addition to these men, an American private of French descent (I think from Worcester, Massachusetts) driving the car. He had been delegated as chauffeur to the French officers.

"These men (Continued on page 58)

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SOx4	2.25	1.09	30x4.00	2.40	1.20
SOx4 1/2	2.25	1.16	28x4.75	2.45	1.20
SOx5	2.25	1.16	28x5.00	2.45	1.25
SOx5 1/2	2.25	1.16	28x5.50	2.45	1.30
SOx6	2.25	1.16	28x6.00	2.45	1.35
SOx6 1/2	2.25	1.16	28x6.50	2.45	1.40
SOx7	2.25	1.16	28x7.00	2.45	1.45
SOx7 1/2	2.25	1.16	28x7.50	2.45	1.50
SOx8	2.25	1.16	28x8.00	2.45	1.55
SOx8 1/2	2.25	1.16	28x8.50	2.45	1.60
SOx9	2.25	1.16	28x9.00	2.45	1.65
SOx9 1/2	2.25	1.16	28x9.50	2.45	1.70
SOx10	2.25	1.16	28x10.00	2.45	1.75
SOx11	2.25	1.16	28x10.50	2.45	1.80
SOx12	2.25	1.16	28x11.00	2.45	1.85
SOx13	2.25	1.16	28x11.50	2.45	1.90
SOx14	2.25	1.16	28x12.00	2.45	1.95
SOx15	2.25	1.16	28x12.50	2.45	2.00
SOx16	2.25	1.16	28x13.00	2.45	2.05
SOx17	2.25	1.16	28x13.50	2.45	2.10
SOx18	2.25	1.16	28x14.00	2.45	2.15
SOx19	2.25	1.16	28x14.50	2.45	2.20
SOx20	2.25	1.16	28x15.00	2.45	2.25
SOx21	2.25	1.16	28x15.50	2.45	2.30
SOx22	2.25	1.16	28x16.00	2.45	2.35
SOx23	2.25	1.16	28x16.50	2.45	2.40
SOx24	2.25	1.16	28x17.00	2.45	2.45
SOx25	2.25	1.16	28x17.50	2.45	2.50
SOx26	2.25	1.16	28x18.00	2.45	2.55
SOx27	2.25	1.16	28x18.50	2.45	2.60
SOx28	2.25	1.16	28x19.00	2.45	2.65
SOx29	2.25	1.16	28x19.50	2.45	2.70
SOx30	2.25	1.16	28x20.00	2.45	2.75
SOx31	2.25	1.16	28x20.50	2.45	2.80
SOx32	2.25	1.16	28x21.00	2.45	2.85
SOx33	2.25	1.16	28x21.50	2.45	2.90
SOx34	2.25	1.16	28x22.00	2.45	2.95
SOx35	2.25	1.16	28x22.50	2.45	3.00
SOx36	2.25	1.16	28x23.00	2.45	3.05
SOx37	2.25	1.16	28x23.50	2.45	3.10
SOx38	2.25	1.16	28x24.00	2.45	3.15
SOx39	2.25	1.16	28x24.50	2.45	3.20
SOx40	2.25	1.16	28x25.00	2.45	3.25
SOx41	2.25	1.16	28x25.50	2.45	3.30
SOx42	2.25	1.16	28x26.00	2.45	3.35
SOx43	2.25	1.16	28x26.50	2.45	3.40
SOx44	2.25	1.16	28x27.00	2.45	3.45
SOx45	2.25	1.16	28x27.50	2.45	3.50
SOx46	2.25	1.16	28x28.00	2.45	3.55
SOx47	2.25	1.16	28x28.50	2.45	3.60
SOx48	2.25	1.16	28x29.00	2.45	3.65
SOx49	2.25	1.16	28x29.50	2.45	3.70
SOx50	2.25	1.16	28x30.00	2.45	3.75
SOx51	2.25	1.16	28x30.50	2.45	3.80
SOx52	2.25	1.16	28x31.00	2.45	3.85
SOx53	2.25	1.16	28x31.50	2.45	3.90
SOx54	2.25	1.16	28x32.00	2.45	3.95
SOx55	2.25	1.16	28x32.50	2.45	4.00
SOx56	2.25	1.16	28x33.00	2.45	4.05
SOx57	2.25	1.16	28x33.50	2.45	4.10
SOx58	2.25	1.16	28x34.00	2.45	4.15
SOx59	2.25	1.16	28x34.50	2.45	4.20
SOx60	2.25	1.16	28x35.00	2.45	4.25
SOx61	2.25	1.16	28x35.50	2.45	4.30
SOx62	2.25	1.16	28x36.00	2.45	4.35
SOx63	2.25	1.16	28x36.50	2.45	4.40
SOx64	2.25	1.16	28x37.00	2.45	4.45
SOx65	2.25	1.16	28x37.50	2.45	4.50
SOx66	2.25	1.16	28x38.00	2.45	4.55
SOx67	2.25	1.16	28x38.50	2.45	4.60
SOx68	2.25	1.16	28x39.00	2.45	4.65
SOx69	2.25	1.16	28x39.50	2.45	4.70
SOx70	2.25	1.16	28x40.00	2.45	4.75
SOx71	2.25	1.16	28x40.50	2.45	4.80
SOx72	2.25	1.16	28x41.00	2.45	4.85
SOx73	2.25	1.16	28x41.50	2.45	4.90
SOx74	2.25	1.16	28x42.00	2.45	4.95
SOx75	2.25	1.16	28x42.50	2.45	5.00
SOx76	2.25	1.16	28x43.00	2.45	5.05
SOx77	2.25	1.16	28x43.50	2.45	5.10
SOx78	2.25	1.16	28x44.00	2.45	5.15
SOx79	2.25	1.16	28x44.50	2.45	5.20
SOx80	2.25	1.16	28x45.00	2.45	5.25
SOx81	2.25	1.16	28x45.50	2.45	5.30
SOx82	2.25	1.16	28x46.00	2.45	5.35
SOx83	2.25	1.16	28x46.50	2.45	5.40
SOx84	2.25	1.16	28x47.00	2.45	5.45
SOx85	2.25	1.16	28x47.50	2.45	5.50
SOx86	2.25	1.16	28x48.00	2.45	5.55
SOx87	2.25	1.16	28x48.50	2.45	5.60
SOx88	2.25	1.16	28x49.00	2.45	5.65
SOx89	2.25	1.16	28x49.50	2.45	5.70
SOx90	2.25	1.16	28x50.00	2.45	5.75
SOx91	2.25	1.16	28x50.50	2.45	5.80
SOx92	2.25	1.16	28x51.00	2.45	5.85
SOx93	2.25	1.16	28x51.50	2.45	5.90
SOx94	2.25	1.16	28x52.00	2.45	5.95
SOx95	2.25	1.16	28x52.50	2.45	6.00
SOx96	2.25	1.16	28x53.00	2.45	6.05
SOx97	2.25	1.16	28x53.50	2.45	6.10
SOx98	2.25	1.16	28x54.00	2.45	6.15
SOx99	2.25	1.16	28x54.50	2.45	6.20
SOx100	2.25	1.16	28x55.00	2.45	6.25
SOx101	2.25	1.16	28x55.50	2.45	6.30
SOx102	2.25	1.16	28x56.00	2.45	6.35
SOx103	2.25	1.16	28x56.50	2.45	6.40
SOx104	2.25	1.16	28x57.00	2.45	6.45
SOx105	2.25	1.16	28x57.50	2.45	6.50
SOx106	2.25	1.16	28x58.00	2.45	6.55
SOx107	2.25	1.16	28x58.50	2.45	6.60
SOx108	2.25	1.16	28x59.00	2.45	6.65
SOx109	2.25	1.16	28x59.50	2.45	6.70
SOx110	2.25	1.16	28x60.00	2.45	6.75
SOx111	2.25	1.16	28x60.50	2.45	6.80
SOx112	2.25	1.16	28x61.00	2.45	6.85
SOx113	2.25	1.16	28x61.50	2.45	6.90
SOx114	2.25	1.16	28x62.00	2.45	6.95
SOx115	2.25	1.16	28x62.50	2.45	7.00
SOx116	2.25	1.16	28x63.00	2.45	7.05
SOx117	2.25	1.16	28x63.50	2.45	7.10
SOx118	2.25	1.16	28x64.00	2.45	7.15
SOx119	2.25	1.16	28x64.50	2.45	7.20
SOx120	2.25	1.16	28x65.00	2.45	7.25
SOx121	2.25	1.16	28x65.50	2.45	7.30
SOx122	2.25	1.16	28x66.00	2.45	7.35
SOx123	2.25	1.16	28x66.50	2.45	7.40
SOx124	2.25	1.16	28x67.00	2.45	7.45
SOx125	2.25	1.16	28x67.50	2.45	7.50
SOx126	2.25	1.16	28x68.00	2.45	7.55
SOx127	2.25	1.16	28x68.50	2.45	7.60
SOx128	2.25	1.16	28x69.00	2.45	7.65
SOx129	2.25	1.16	28x69.50	2.45	7.70
SOx130	2.25	1.16	28x70.00	2.45	7.75
SOx131	2.25	1.16	28x70.50	2.45	7.80
SOx132	2.25	1.16	28x71.00	2.45	7.85
SOx133	2.25	1.16	28x71.50	2.45	7.90
SOx134	2.25	1.16	28x72.00	2.45	7.95
SOx135	2.25	1.16	28x72.50	2.45	8.00
SOx136	2.25	1.16	28x73.00	2.45	8.05
SOx137	2.25	1.16	28x73.50	2.45	8.10
SOx138	2.25	1.16	28x74.00	2.45	8.15
SOx139	2.25	1.16	28x74.50	2.45	8.20
SOx140	2.25	1.16	28x75.00	2.45	8.25
SOx141	2.25	1.16	28x75.50	2.45	8.30
SOx142	2.25	1.16	28x76.00	2.45	8.35
SOx143	2.25	1.16	28x76.50	2.45	8.40
SOx144	2.25	1.16	28x77.00	2.45	8.45
SOx145	2.25	1.16	28x77.50	2.45	8.50
SOx146	2.25	1.16	28x78.00	2.45	8.55
SOx147	2.25	1.16	28x78.50	2.45	8.60
SOx148	2.25	1.16	28x79.00	2.45	8.65
SOx149	2.25	1.16	28x79.50	2.45	8.70
SOx150	2.25	1.16	28x80.00	2.45	8.75
SOx151	2.25	1.16	28x80.50	2.45	8.80
SOx152	2.25	1.16	28x81.00	2.45	8.85
SOx153	2.25	1.16	28x81.50	2.45	8.90
SOx154	2.25	1.16	28x82.00	2.45	8.95
SOx155	2.25	1.16	28x82.50	2.45	9.00
SOx156	2.25	1.16	28x83.00	2.45	9.05
SOx157	2.25	1.16	28x83.50	2.45	9.10
SOx158	2.25	1.16	28x84.00	2.45	9.15
SOx159	2.25	1.16	28x84.50	2.45	9.20
SOx160	2.25	1.16	28x85.00	2.45	9.25
SOx161	2.25	1.16	28x85.50	2.45	9.30
SOx162	2.25	1.16	28x86.00	2.45	9.35
SOx163	2.25	1.16	28x86.50	2.45	9.40
SOx164	2.25	1.16	28x87.00	2.45	9.45
SOx165	2.25	1.16	28x87.50	2.45	9.50
SOx166	2.25	1.16	28x88.00	2.45	9.55
SOx167	2.25	1.16	28x88.50	2.45	9.60
SOx168	2.25	1.16	28x89.00	2.45	9.65
SOx169	2.25	1.16	28x89.50	2.45	9.70
SOx170	2.25	1.16	28x90.00	2.45	9.75
SOx171	2.25	1.16	28x90.50	2.45	9.80
SOx172	2.25	1.16	28x91.00	2.45	9.85
SOx173	2.25	1.16	28x91.50	2.45	9.90
SOx174	2.25	1.16	28x92.00	2.45	9.95
SOx175	2.25	1.16	28x92.50	2.45	10.00
SOx176	2.25	1.16	28x93.00	2.45	10.05
SOx177	2.25	1.16	28x93.50	2.45	10.10
SOx178	2.25	1.16	28x94.00	2.45	10.15
SOx179					

W. H. Schare, 25 Brookfield av., Great Kills, Staten Island, N. Y.

1st ART. ART. PARK—Proposed reunion, F. W. Smith, 436-A City Hall, San Francisco, Cal.

8th CAV., TROOP D—Proposed reunion, Glenn Springs, Tex., E. M. Beabout, Bridgeport, Ohio.

5th ENGRS.—Proposed organization and reunion, W. T. McWilliams, Blue Springs, Mo.

28th ENGRS.—Proposed reunion, Geo. P. Furnish, Fairview st., E. Dedham, Mass.

34th ENGRS.—Reunion, Gibbons Hotel, Dayton, Ohio, Sept. 4. George Remple, 1225 Alberta st., Dayton.

308th ENGRS.—12th reunion, Sloane Hotel, Sandusky, Ohio, Aug. 6-7. F. J. Ritzenthaler, Sandusky.

308th M. S. T. VETS. ASSOC.—7th reunion, Columbus, Ohio, Sept. 3-5. Raymond P. Martin, 31 Ridge rd., Columbus.

309th SUP. TRN., CO. F—6th reunion, Spink Arms Hotel, Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 13-14. C. C. Perry, Bardwell, Ky.

TANK CORPS—Reunion, Gettysburg, Pa., during summer, in addition to Portland convention reunion, L. A. Wassermann, 167 E. 82d st., New York City.

M. L. UNITS 335-336-337-338-339-340 AND 341—Proposed reunion, C. E. Stade, Rand rd., Des Plaines, Ill.

13th AERO SQDRN.—Reunion, Newport, Ore., Sept. 9-11. E. P. Smith, P. O. Box 154, Los Banos, Cal.

210th AERO SQDRN.—Reunion, Fred W. O'Brien, 1304 W. Washington st., Champaign, Ill.

262b-263a AERO SQDRNS.—Proposed reunion, J. T. Fleming, 140 E. Boston av., Youngstown, Ohio.

826th AIR SERV. VETS.—Reunion, Hotel Lincoln, New York City, Oct. 1-2. J. D. Shoptaugh, 2537 Atlantic av., Brooklyn, N. Y.

1st GAS REGT.—Annual reunion, June 11, Lafayette Hotel, New York City, with Gabby Street as guest, Victor Lomuller, 74 W. 69th st., New York City.

M. T. C. 498, M. S. T. 421—Proposed reunion, R. J. Peifer, Tracy, Minn.

G. R. S. UNIT 313—Send name, address, occupation, etc., to Paul T. Sanders, Orland Park, Ill., for roster.

314th M. S. TRN., CO. F, 89th DIV.—Reunion, Streeter Park, Aurora, Nebr., June 19. Kenneth O. Davis, Minden, Nebr.

301st TRENCH MORTAR BTRY., 76th DIV.—Proposed reunion, Calixte L. Allaire, 240 Summer st., Bristol, Conn.

U. S. NAVAL AIR STA., Pensacola, Fla.—Letter reunion, William M. Lamb, 110 Clifton av., Rosebank, S. I., N. Y.

U. S. S. Charleston—Proposed reunion, Allan G. Jack, 161 Chestnut av., Jamaica Plain, Boston, Mass.

U. S. S. Lakeview—Letter reunion, George A. Nimeskern, 23 Willard st., West Quincy, East Milton P. O., Mass.

S. S. Schurz—Proposed reunion of crew at time the Schurz sank on June 21, 1918. Thomas S. McCaleb, Box 375, Decatur, Tex.

U. S. SUB. CHASER 322—Reunion, A. M. Robertson, Boyle bldg., Little Rock, Ark.

AMB. CO. 35, 7th SAN. TRN., 7th DIV.—Reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., conjunction Legion dept. convention, Aug. 18-20. J. H. Barry, 121 N. 12th st., Sunbury, Pa.

U. S. A. A. C.—Annual reunion, all branches, Americus Hotel, Allentown, Pa., July 14-16. W. P. Hunter, 5315 Chestnut st., Philadelphia, Pa.

AMER. FIELD SERV. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Americus Hotel, Allentown, Pa., July 14-16. A. E. Herrmann, 1625 W. Diamond st., Philadelphia, Pa.

DISABLED AMERICAN VETERANS OF THE WORLD WAR—Annual convention, San Diego, Cal., June 18-25. Irwin J. Landis, Gen. Secy., Spreckels Theatre bldg., San Diego.

WHILE we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men whose statements are required in support of various claims. Queries and responses should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 600 Bond Building, Washington, D. C. The committee wants information in the following cases:

MARINE CORPS—Former members who served in Cuba from Aug. 18, 1917, to June 18, 1919, and recall Nile M. RAPER, pvt. 1st class, wounded in leg or groin while quelling riot, and also suffering from "black water fever," can assist his aged father in establishing claim. RAPER, described as follows, gray eyes, dark brown hair, fair complexion, 5 ft. 6 1/4 in. tall, died of lobar pneumonia, Feb. 8, 1920, seven months after discharge.

49th INF., CO. E—MARRSHALL, Arthur B., pvt. Missing. Last heard from Oct. 10, 1918, from A. P. O. 762, A. E. F. Erroneously reported as killed in action.

130th INF., CO. A—Former comrades of Jean D. BAIRD can assist in claim.

115th ANM. TRN., CO. B, 40th DIV.—Former members, including Sgts. H. R. FOSTER and M. TAYLOR, and Cpl. H. BALL and E. K. HARRISON, who remember Pvt. Ray D. BELI being carried on stretcher to hospital at Camp Genicart, near Borda deau, France, between Apr. 15 and May 10, 1919, to assist with claim.

U. S. NAVAL AIR STA., HALIFAX, Nova Scotia—Affidavits from lt. comdr. medical officer (name probably MADDOX or MADISON), Victor SELLE (Milwaukee), LOWRY (Sacramento, Calif.) and

ERICKSON (Boston), to support claim of C. H. BARNER, ex-mach. mate, 2d class, U. S. N., Sept.-Dec., 1918. Station under Commander Richard E. BYRD.

CISCO, Lawrence T., chauffeur, Co. D, TEL BN., S. C. Enlisted LaSalle, Ill., Aug. 24, 1918; discharged Camp Sherman, Ohio, Jan. 18, 1919. Electrician, gray eyes, dark brown hair, ruddy complexion, 5 ft. 8 in. Missing. Last heard from in Akron, Ohio, 1924.

FLYING CADETS, Park Field, Tenn., and FLYING OFFICERS, Ellington Field, Texas, who knew Frederic LESLIE CLARKE, can assist in disability claim.

BASE HOSP. NO. 104—Statements from nurses, doctors and comdr. who recall Pvt. John P. CORBURN suffering from throat gland trouble, arthritis in shoulder and lumbar while stationed at Beau Desert Hosp. Center, A. P. O. 705, France.

VARENNES, France—Statement wanted from the colonel of artillery who lost a foot in mine explosion just south of Varennes, France, Sept., 1918, during Meuse-Argonne drive, to support claim of ex-Lt. George R. DONIGAN who suffered injured back and nervous disorder in right side as result of same explosion.

BASE HOSP. DET., Camp McClellan, Ala., later BASE NO. 31—Men of detachment sent from Ft. Ethan Allen, Vt., in Aug., 1917, including John DRYSDALE, C. BUCK, Joe AGES, CLARK, J. AUSTIN and John DEVINE, and Sgts. CULLEN and J. CRAVEN, can assist Lawrence J. DONOVAN in establishing claim. Also Maj. John M. TAYLOR.

306th INF., CO. I—Statements from former members, including Fred METZ, who recall hemorrhoids suffered by Andrew GRIESBAUM, for which he received treatment at infirmary at St. Loup, France.

126th INF., CO. L—Statements from former officers and men with outfit at Chateau-Thierry, Aug. 4, 1918, also medical officer named SPEAR of first aid station near Marse, who remember disability of William A. HANSEN.

GAS SCHOOL, EDGEWOOD ARSENAL, MD.—Veterans who recall Joe Fleming BUNCH in service at this school.

12TH AND 63D INF. REGTS.—Former members who recall Richard E. RICKE suffering from severe headaches; also members, including HILL, KIRKPATRICK, MCFADDEN, GRAY, BALKEMA, HAVEN and 1st Sgt. DOUGHERTY, in band quarters at Ft. Logan, Colo., May-June, 1917, who recall RICKE falling down flight of stairs. Claims crushed vertebrae in neck.

61ST ART. BTRY. A, C. A. C.—Veterans, especially Jack E. OTT, who remember George Ray STEVENS, now deceased, having been gassed while with battery or on detached service in wireless station. Widow needs aid.

ST. AIGNAN, FRANCE, CLASSIFICATION CAMP—Statement from medical officer who attended sick call at camp hospital, Oct. 12, 1918, to support claim of Letcher C. HANCOCK.

GRAHAM, William J.—Served with M. G. CO., 166th Inf., 42d Div. Formerly of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. Black hair, ruddy complexion, 5 ft. 11 in., wt. about 220 lbs., age 31. May be ill due to service disability. Missing since Dec., 1931, when in New Orleans, La.

315TH ENGRS., CO. F, 90TH DIV.—Former members, including Capt. G. G. EDWARDS, 1st Lt. VATTERS, Sgts. SEYMOUR, NAYSMITH, SHEPHERD, CHAMBER, SWARTZ and MCKINNEY, Cpl. JIM MAYES, EFORD and WELLS, and Pvts. GENE STEVENS, OVERTON and CARL ERICKSON, can assist John C. (Pvt. Pete) PETERSON with claim.

156TH DEPOT BRIG., 18TH CO., 5TH TRNG. BN., Camp Jackson, S. C.—Comrades who recall disabilities suffered by Royal Gray McGEE.

ARMSTRONG, Arthur F., served in Navy, 1907-1911, 1911-1915, and 1915 to 1919. Was turret captain on U. S. S. South Dakota. Born Sept. 25, 1885, Oakland, Calif. Missing since 1923 when he left home in David City, Nebr., suffering from tuberculosis. Information wanted regarding him in connection with claim of his three minor children.

8TH M. G. BN., CO. A, 3D DIV.—Former comrades, including Cpl. RUSSE and Pvt. HAYS, who recall John M. HOLM being struck by chunk of dirt thrown by trench mortar dug on banks of Marne River during July, 1918.

Q. M. C. DET., Camp La Valdahon, France—Men of detachment who recall Abraham C. DAVIDSON can assist with claim.

119TH INF., CO. A, 30TH DIV.—Statements from Pvt. FOY and others who recall injury to Bert KINDEL, SPARKER when his gasoline-soaked clothing became ignited.

339TH F. A. BTRY. B.—Former members, including 1st Lt. Charles BUNN and Col. S. C. VESTAL, can assist Russell B. SWEET with claim account leg injury sustained at Camp Dodge, Iowa, between Sept. 17 and Oct. 11, 1917.

308TH INF., CO. A—Statements from former members who recall Samuel J. SANDERS being disabled account gas and shell-shock. SANDERS died several years ago and widow needs assistance in establishing claim.

154TH DEPOT BRIG., Camp Meade, Md., Oct., 1918—Men who recall William F. AHMER of Chicago, Ill.

ALLEN, Herman, of Tomahawk, Wisc., six feet tall, about 165 lbs., 32 yrs. old, brown hair, slender, disappeared from Memorial Hosp., Sept. 5, 1931. Seldom answers questions unless they are written, and may reply same way. Shell shocked.

U. S. ARIZONA—Former crew, including W. F. WINDOM of Alabama, Engineman SHELTON of Tenn., and Water-tender VOORHEES of New York, who recall injury to fireman 1st cl. Harry L. BAKER of ice machine room, when he fell from hammock in May, 1919. Received treatment in sick bay.

HOSP. COR. NO. 16, NEW HAVEN, CONN., 2d Army—Statement from Louis TOBY to assist Arthur BLACKBERG, who served with him.

BRAUN, George Julius, 5 ft. 9 in., about 175 lbs., 36 yrs. old, medium brown hair, blue eyes, wore glasses. Medical student at Ann Arbor at time of entry into service. Wounded (Continued on page 61)



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6-32

It Never Got Too Rough

(Continued from page 59)

in knee. Last heard of in 1919 in a New York hospital. 339TH INF., Co. D, 85TH DIV., Tarlagas, Russia—Statements from former comrades, including Cpl. Martin DEVORE, Pvt. Boyd BORTON and GOLDBERG, and doctors and nurses in first-aid station at Tarlagas, Russia, who recall Pvt. Ferrell (Red) CAIN being treated for fallen arches, and later, in Dec., 1918, being wounded in head by shrapnel.

9TH FIELD ART., BTRY. D, Fort Sill, Okla.—Former comrades, including BARCOCK and CRAMER, who recall John ("English") CHESTER having been injured during June, 1918.

4TH F. A., BTRY. E—Statements from former comrades, particularly 1st Sgt. Charles KOENIG, from Silverdale, Wash., to assist Arthur E. CHILD with disability claim.

48TH INF., CO. H, Camp Stuart, Newport News, Va.—Statements from former comrades who recall Walter F. WOOD having suffered from influenza account exposure while on guard duty at piers, also broken-down arches and general disability, including throat and lungs, and being confined to quarters for several weeks during Apr. and May, 1918. Developed rheumatism and pains around heart. Discharged as sgt., 324TH Fire and Guard, Q. M. C., Camp Stuart, Dec. 12, 1918. Wood died of angina pectoris Apr. 9, 1929. Widow needs aid in establishing claim.

BAKERY CO., 320, Q. M. C., Nevers, France—Former comrades who recall Olaf SLAGSTAD having fallen from bicycle while on way to Y. M. C. A. near French barracks, during spring of 1918. Injured left shoulder and forehead.

CONVALESCENT CAMP NO. 2, Liffel-le-Grand, France—Fellow patients, including MURREL, during Nov. and Dec., 1918, who recall heart trouble and rheumatism suffered by Fred ("Arkansas") CRUSE, 42d DIV. man. These men from Ohio helped treat him.

45TH C. A. C., BTRY. B; 48TH C. A. C., BTRY. D, and PROV. M. G. BN., CO. B—Former comrades can assist Roy E. DAVIS in establishing claim.

EARLY, Thomas, Camden, N. J., age 31, blue eyes, chestnut-brown hair, 5 ft. 6 in. Gassed and shell-shocked in service. Missing since Nov., 1931.

EDWARDS, Ben (O), CO. C, 338TH SERV. BN., A. E. F. Missing since about 1923 when he was in Kentucky. Inducted at Birmingham, Ala., July 1, 1918. Wife needs aid.

60TH INF., CO. G, 5TH DIV.—Former members, including MANYARD, WILLIAMS and JOHNSON, who were with Casper T. EFFINGER and injured when truck ran off bridge. Injured men sent to Mobile Hosp. No. 9 or 39.

497TH AERO. SQDRN., Beaumont Bks., Tours, France—Statements from former members including Actg. Sgt. WATKINS (of Photo Section from Kelly Field, Tex.), Sgt. HOUSTON in charge of Photo Section, and SKLAW, to assist Charles A. ELLIS with claim.

306TH F. S. BN., MED. DET.—Statement from former Medical Sgt. Claude H. NELSON who treated Keating N. FELDER, while in service.

26TH ART., C. A. C., BTRY. A—Affidavit from 1st Sgt. of Btry. A at Fort Screven, Ga., to support claim of John B. GILLESPIE account injuries when kicked by mule during drill in Oct., 1918.

26TH INF., CO. C—Former members who recall Harry I. GRUNBAUER being wounded by shrapnel while in action in Meuse-Argonne offensive, Oct., 1918.

M. T. CO. NO. 400, M. T. C., Camp Travis, Tex.—Former 1st Lt. Leon W. ANDERSON, C. O., and a captain and lieutenant of the Medical Corps, May 14, 1919, who recall heart disability and treatment of F. B. GYES.

5TH A. A., C. A. C.—Former officers and men, including Capt. CLIFFORD and 1st Sgt. SHINE, aboard the transport *Northern Pacific* when it ran aground on Jan. 1, 1919, can assist Martin O. HAACK with claim.

5TH DIV., REMOUNT SEC.—Statements from officers and men, including Capt. Dean LUCE and Lt. CLARKE, veterinarians, who served under Lt. HEALY in Luxembourg, spring of 1919, and recall his removal in ambulance to Esch account illness.

362D INF., CO. C—Cpl. Eddie HERMANSON died in Jan., 1931, of tuberculosis. Statements required from former comrades to assist mother in establishing claim.

U. S. S. *Troy*—Statements from former crew who recall Gordon W. JOHNSON, sailor, falling down steps from main deck to deck below on trip Brest to Hoboken, N. J., latter part of May, 1918.

309TH SUP. TRN., CO. E—Statements from former comrades of Elmer E. KELLER (now deceased), who served with him at Camp Sherman, Ohio, and overseas, between June, 1918, and Sept., 1919, required by his dependents.

F. A. T. B., BTRY. B, Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky.—Former comrades who recall back injury sustained by Max LOEHL, about Jan. 26, 1919, while assisting load railroad rails.

78TH F. A., BTRY. B, 6TH DIV., Valdahon, France—Former comrades, including Cpl. Howard FLOOD, Patrick GARVEY, Martin TURNER and William DWYER, who recall illness of Arthur MENNEKE in A. E. F.

GREATER LAKES NAVAL TRNG. STA.—Statements from Firemen LADD (of Chicago) and JOHNSON (of Little Rock, Ark.) who were in mumps ward of hospital with Walker JACKSON in Feb., 1918.

SPEC. CAS. CO. 3433, Mitchell Field, N. Y.—Statements from comrades, including BURCH and BURRIS of CO. E, 21st Engrs., and Ord. Sgt. John H. McMAHON, who recall abdominal illness suffered by Bartholomew MULDOWNEY during Feb. or Mar., 1919.

(Continued on page 62)

217TH F. A., SUP. CO. and SAN. DET.—Affidavits from men who recall Nels M. NELSON being in regt. infirmary at Ft. Crook and Camp Cody with malaria fever in 1917; also when knocked down by runaway horse in July, 1918, at Fort Sill, Okla.

172D FIELD VET. UNIT, 86TH DIV.—Statement from Ed ("Whitie") OLSON to support claim of William R. NORTHEY.

C. W. S., CO. B, 2D BN.—Former comrades, including 1st Lt. John G. REESE, Sgts. Emile E. THIBAudeau and John A. SEVERS, Cpl. Martin LACEY and Pvt. Wm. UNKEL, Hebe't GILL and John P. O'HEARN, who recall Arthur P. O'LEARY, striking head against stairway and becoming unconscious while hurriedly leaving one of gas filling units at Edgewood Arsenal, Md., when gas leak occurred.

Pest Hosp., Vancouver Bks., Wash.—Nurses, doctors and comrades, including Maj. George R. HUBBELL and Lt. Kenneth W. KINNEY, also medical officers and staff of Camp 5-A, South Beach, Ore., who recall heart disability suffered by Pvt. Thomas L. OLIPHANT.

NAVY: Newport, R. I., Commonwealth Pier, Boston, Chelsea Nav. Hosp., and U. S. S. *South Dakota*—Former shipmates, especially James Michael McNAMARA and GREY, who recall George W. PARKER having operation in Chelsea Hosp., and suffering from flu and rheumatism on U. S. S. *South Dakota*.

U. S. MARINES, 5TH CO.—Comrades of Pvt. Jeff McLendon PARKER who served with him at Parris Island, in A. E. F., and Occupied Area, who recall that he was gassed and wounded during service. PARKER died Mar. 31, 1924, and mother needs aid with claim.

159TH INF., CO. A, 40TH DIV.—Medical officers and nurses who treated Mike J. PEKAS for hernia at Base Hosp., Camp Kearney, Cal., July and Aug., 1918.

NAVAL HOSP., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Statements from staff, including Lt. Jules MAGNETTE, Jr., M. C., U. S. N., during late 1919 and early 1920, to support claim of Wallace E. PERKINS.

FIELD HOSP., near depot, Beaumont, France, Sept., 1918—Medical officer, about 5 ft. 9 in. tall, dark complexion, dark hair, clean shaven and a Mason, who treated Johnnie POLLACK, who was taken from train and to hospital because of fever account which he was unconscious for three weeks and two days.

U. S. S. *Eagle*—Crew who remember Ernest T. PRINE, ship's cook, who was on sick list five days at Block Island during 1918. PRINE had a fall which aggravated tubercular condition. He has since died of tuberculosis of spine and widow and children need help with claim.

65TH C. A. C., BTRY. D—Officers and men who recall Pvt. Frank J. PHILLIPS being gassed near Verdun between Oct. 8 and 20, 1918. Also who know of his trouble with left leg.

325TH INF., CO. M—Comrades, including Lts. Clyde STEWART and Marvin A. KNIGHT, Cpl. TOBIN (company clerk) and Sgt. Frank A. BLOOD, can assist Ernest E. PURCELL with claim.

72D F. A., SUP. CO., Camp Henry Knox, Ky.—Statements from wagoners, scts. and pvt. to assist Herbert A. ROBISON, kicked by mule, Nov., 1918.

5TH M. G. BN., CO. B, 2D DIV.—Former members in hospital near Beaumont, France, in Feb., 1918, with Sgt. Placide RODRIGUES when he had mumps. Also doctors.

317TH F. A., BTRY. C, 81ST DIV.—Comrades who remember Howard L. SCHMIDT suffering from disability to feet and legs upon arrival in Liverpool, Eng., Aug. 20, 1918. Leaving Camp Woodley, two days later, comrades in squad carried his pack.

130TH INF., CO. F, 33D DIV.—Former members, including Capt. Fred GIBBONS, and also officers and personnel of Base Hosp., Camp Logan, Tex., who recall Fred P. SCHWARTZ having suffered with mumps. Also comrades who recall his illness from colds and sinus while overseas.

307TH AMMUN. TRN., CO. B, 82D DIV.—Former members can assist Roy L. SIMMONS with claim.

24TH CO., 2D BN., 164TH DEPOT BRIG., Camp Funston, Ks.—Former members, including Cpl. Woods, and Pvts. William H. MARKS, Leo J. MURPHY and Lee ADAMSON, who recall fractured ribs suffered by Elmer Franklin SITZES, about Sept. 24, 1918, in skirmish maneuvers at Camp Republican, when fellow soldier fell on Sitzes. Also from personnel of Base Hosp., Sec. E, Ft. Riley, including Maj. SCOTT, Nurses OAKS and HUFFMAN and men of surgical department.

U. S. S. *Ortranto*—Statements of survivors of this transport who received treatment in the Ulster Volunteer Force Hosp., Belfast, Ireland, to assist L. C. SMITH with claim.

50TH INF., CO. F—Former members, including Cpls. Frank NOWICKI, Frank H. ERIKSON and Earl CLARK, and Pvt. Edward KEHRES, who remember ear injury sustained by Joseph O. KOKOWICZ about Jan. 11, 1920, on rifle range at Mayen, Germany.

U. S. NAV. TRNG. STA., Meningococcus Camp—Statement from medical officer who sent Ralph Keith SPURGEON to isolation camp for head injury received by falling from hammock. Also others who remember accident.

331ST F. A., BTRY. E—Former students at horse-shoeing school, Camp Grant, Ill., who recall Robert STEVENSON being kicked on right leg by horse during Feb., 1918.

34TH CO., 9TH BN., 154TH DEPOT BRIG., also 3D INF. REPL., 330TH INF., and 49TH INF., CO. D—Former comrades in any of these outfits, especially Capt. Lawrence J. POTTER, who recall stomach pains and acute indigestion suffered by

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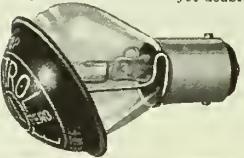
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It Never Got Too Rough

(Continued from page 61)

Patrick VIOLETTE. Violette died Apr. 28, 1927, of angina pectoris and widow needs aid in establishing claim.

358TH INF., Co. M—Men who recall Milton E. WALLS being treated for mumps in 358th Infirmary, Feb., 1918. Especially Maj. BROWN and sergeant who treated Walls.

WARNER, Fred M., blue-gray eyes, dark brown hair, 5 ft. 5½ in., wt. 150 lbs., tattoo on forearm. Discharged Grt. Lakes Nav. Trng. Sta., Ill., with valvular heart condition. Patient in Hines Hospital, Dec., 1930. Wears three-inch heel on left shoe. Missing from home in Lebanon, Ind., since June 29, 1931.

WEAVER, C. J., totally-disabled veteran, due to flu at U. S. N. Rifle Range, Virginia Beach, desires to locate W. T. SMITH, vacuum cleaner salesman, formerly of Denver and now probably on West Coast, to learn from him name of doctor who treated Weaver prior to 1925.

163TH INF., Co. G—Former members, including Lt. WESTLAND, 1st Sgt. QUICK, Sgt. Johnny JOYCE and Pvts. QUICK and Fred HULL, who recall Aubin G. WEST, ex-cpl., being sent to hospital Oct. 15, 1918, account gas. Returned to hospital Dec., 1918, for four months.

415TH RES. LAB. BN.—Statements from former officers, including Capt. Joseph T. WILSON, 1st Lt. William H. CASEY, Q. M. C., Adj't., and 2d Lts. John B. CARLISLE, George MORHAID, John R. GIBBONS, Harry C. FUHR and John N. JACOBS, who recall 1st Lt. William Franklin WHITE suffering from flu in Camp Funston, Ks. Also medical officer who treated White on Oct. 6, 1918, and confined him to officers bar at Funston, account no beds available in Base Hospt.

112TH AMMUN. TRN., CO. C—Comrades of Leo H. WILHELM, wagoner, who recall his being gassed in

service, causing collapsed lung and tuberculosis. Wilhelm died in Jan., 1932, and aid needed in establishing claim of dependents.

322D INF., Co. D, 81st Div.—Former members, including Capt. BOND and Lt. LONG, who recall Burnice WILLoughby being sent to hospital about Nov. 25, 1918, account feet frozen while in lines, and influenza contracted about same time at Deizon, (Dijon) France. Returned home as casual and treated at Parris Island, S. C.

158TH INF., Co. F, 40th Div., and PRESIDENTIAL HONOR GUARD, Paris—Former comrades, especially William TYLER and ex-Sgt. Peter W. CUNNINGHAM, who recall severe cold contracted by James H. Wilson, while in service. Wilson now deceased and widow needs aid with claim.

167TH F. A., BTRY. E, 4TH DIV.—Former comrades, including Capts. James J. GARRETT and REEDY (M.C.), and Sgts. Joseph HARNEY, Howard VINTARD, James SULLIVAN and Vern WORTHINGTON, who recall Master Sgt. Willard B. WYLIE. Wylie now deceased and widow and children need help with claim.

34TH CO., 9TH BN., 159TH DEPOT BRIG., and 5TH REGT., BTRY C, Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky.—Former comrades who recall Paul MOBBS, in service from Aug. 27 to Dec. 15, 1918. Mobbs died eight months after discharge from service. Old father needs aid with insurance claim.

87TH ENGRS., CO. B—Former comrades, especially Sgt. Clarence DANIELS, formerly of Honeymoon Bay, Wash., to assist John Peter SYBERS with claim.

M. P. CO., 3D DIV.—Former members who recall Robert F. HENDERSON suffering fractured right ankle in motorcycle accident at Camp Pike, Ark., about Sept. 28, 1920.

JOHN J. NOLL
The Company Clerk

Out and Back

(Continued from page 33)

beacons, blazed along the Pacific Coast."

The quotation above is from John Muir, who added that of all of them "Mount Rainier is the noblest." Noblest or not, it assuredly is a strange-sight collector's "item" of outstanding interest. This is the fire mountain that blew its own head off. Time was when Rainier loomed some 2,000 feet higher into the blue than it does today. In a violent eruption its conical peak blew off; but so huge was the mountain that even after its beheading it remained the highest elevation in the Northwest.

After we depart from Portland, southbound, the next important stop is another of these fire mountains, another Strange As It Seems. This mountain didn't blow its own head off, but likewise lost its peak. The top of it caved in. It's like the stock market. Where once was a peak, now there's a vast depression. A lake now fills the crater in the mountain top. An amazing lake, six miles wide, 2,000 feet deep, its waters the bluest blue in the world. It is the chief feature of Crater Lake National Park.

We pass Mount Shasta after we roll down into California; one more of the fire mountains referred to by John Muir. Among the traditions of the Indians is an account that Shasta was "the first and finest" mountain ever created. Perhaps this arose because Shasta's height above surrounding levels is greater than any other of our mountains can show. How it looms! In a recent snapshot taken by Captain Albert W. Stevens from an Air Corps plane, Shasta's snowy peak is visible 331 miles from the camera. Perhaps

this photographic feat should win Shasta a rating among Strange As It Seems.

Certainly, there can be no doubt that the next "fire mountain" on our line of march deserves such distinction. Can you name the "only active volcano in our forty-eight States"? Mount Lassen claims that distinction. Though it isn't kicking up much at present, it erupted as recently as May, 1915. New lava flowed from its cone, scorched two near-by valleys and deluged them with floods of melted snow water.

When we get half way down the length of California the signposts become distracting. Alluring signposts, but pointing too many directions. "Oh, boy, oh joy, where do we go from here?" San Francisco, one way—Yosemite, another. The Redwood Highway, north. The giant sequoias, south. What better token of the astounding variety to be found in this State than to boil down a recent Associated Press news dispatch about six airplanes of the California National Guard? These planes took off from Los Angeles and headed for Mount Whitney, the loftiest peak in continental United States. They skimmed over that peak with their thermometers registering ten below zero, while flying at an altitude of 14,800 feet. A little while later—for they had only about 75 miles to fly to get there—they were swooping fifty feet above the floor of Death Valley, our lowest spot and hottest. The lowest point in Death Valley is 276 feet below sea level; Whitney's peak attains 14,490 feet above sea level. Paste that in your scrapbooks of Believe It or Not!

Again that old refrain, "where do we go

from here?" There's little hope any longer of holding this expedition on a battle line. With that map of the National Park-to-Park Highway, which shows nearly anything any tourist might want to find anywhere in the West, squads have scattered all over the landscape. The sector now is anything west of the Mississippi. So just one more piece of timely advice for which you'll later thank me:

Not all of our great public-owned playgrounds are National Parks. You'll miss a lot of the most memorable showplaces if you overlook National Monuments and notable State Parks.

National Monuments are blood brothers to National Parks. The distinction between these classifications is simply one of rank. And even this sleeve-mark rating may be altered — as witness the instances of Zion and Bryce Canyon, and Carlsbad Caverns, recently promoted from the Monument grade to become four-striper National Parks. (I dimly recall that even Grand Canyon used to be a Monument; an old map in my collection so marks it.)

Among the National Monuments are such amazing scenic wonders as that Devil's Tower in Wyoming. On the same list you'll find Rainbow Natural Bridge, ancient cliff dwellings and old Spanish mission churches, fossil forests, giant cacti, and Inscription Rock (El Morro) which bears chiseled records of travelers' visits, like a hotel register, back to a time as long ago as the year 1606.

By writing to the National Park Service, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C., you get that precious Park-to-Park Highway map. From the same source (also free) you should obtain two extremely useful booklets:

"Glimpses of Our National Parks."

"Glimpses of our National Monuments."

These two illustrated pamphlets are crammed with interesting information, accurately and briefly stated. In any instance in which you may require a fuller and more detailed account of any particular National Park, write for the special booklet issued about that park. For example, you may decide to spend more time at Mount Rainier than anywhere else because it is within easy striking distance

of Portland, the convention city. In that event, write for the Mount Rainier booklet. It is a forty-page publication with a map, tables of distances and schedules of rates for accommodation, guides, transportation and anything else you might like to know.

State Parks also have an array of real attractions to offer. We have mentioned South Dakota's Black Hills section. Here the huge Custer State Park is a high spot; Harney Peak, amid glorious scenery, is the crown of it. That strange freak of nature, the Dry Falls, over which the Columbia River once roared in a Niagara, is a pride of the parks of the State of Washington. State Parks preserve four noble redwood groves in California. Texas has made a memorable collection of wild scenery, notably at Big Bend. Pawnee Rock, on the old Sante Fe Trail, is a Kansas State Park. Missouri's parks have rescued several giant springs in the Ozark hills, upon which power interests were ready to pounce. The chief glory of State Parks is just this sort of thing — to rescue precious American scenery and historical shrines from destruction.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONNAIRE PICTURES "OUT AND BACK"

- 1 The General Sherman tree, Sequoia National Park.
- 2 Mirror Lake, in Yosemite National Park.
- 3 Carlsbad Caverns Park (showing "Twin Domes").
- 4 Temple of Osiris, Bryce Canyon, in Utah.
- 5 Glacier National Park, Montana. (Mt. Wilbur.)
- 6 The Devil's Tower, in Wyoming.
- 7 Santa Barbara, California.
- 8 Old Faithful Geyser, Yellowstone National Park.
- 9 Nevada. (The scene is taken near Reno.)
- 10 In the Black Hills of South Dakota. (Harney Peak.)
- 11 Dry Falls. A State Park in Washington.
- 12 Crater Lake, Oregon. (Mt. Shasta in far distance.)
- 13 Grand Canyon. Taken in the National Park, Arizona.
- 14 Mount Rainier, in the State of Washington.
- 15 Bulkley Gate. (A dike of limestone 150 feet high.)
- 16 Mesa Verde National Park, in southwestern Colorado.

So, while you are journeying to the convention or back from it, you will owe it to yourself to visit some of these wonder spots of a portion of our country that is as yet largely unspoiled. To Legionnaires whose three thousand or more miles of journeying from home on a certain occasion didn't include a trip across the Mississippi and into our great Western empire, the sheer majesty of this section of America will offer impressive proof of our country's greatness in extent as well as in the diversification of soil and scenery.

Such a person, returning to his fireside, will be a better American, for he will have seen cities, mountains, forests, rivers, and other natural phenomena beside which the glory of Greece and the grandeur of Rome pale into insignificance.

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Florida Leads Off

(Continued from page 37)

officer of the 105th Field Artillery. State and national officials and many post delegations of the Legion attended Mr. Deegan's funeral, one of the largest held in New York in recent years.

Postscripts

ART TAYLOR Post of Ajo, Arizona, within shouting distance of the Mexican Border, has established its own amateur radio station . . . Already notable for what it has done to help its town, Faribault (Minnesota) Post has established a community airport. . . . The New Hampshire Department is having an active part in the celebration of the 150th anniversary of the birth of Daniel Webster, with the main ceremonies to be held at Franklin in August. . . . Spencer Ely Post in Buenos Aires, Argentina, doesn't play bridge; the outfit's popular game is Bidoo, played with dice but as complicated as poker and as deceptive. . . . Legionnaires of Fort Dearborn Post in Chicago turned out in coonskin caps, buckskin shirts and leggings of the pioneer days to help dedicate the replica of old Fort Dearborn, the first of Chicago's 1933 World's Fair buildings to be opened to the public. . . . Federal Post of San Francisco, composed of postoffice employees, was gratified by the high character of the two prize winning essays in a contest conducted by the post among school children, and newspapers published the essays in full. . . . Beverly Hills Post of Chicago has established an annual

scholarship at Camp Roosevelt, the official boys camp of the Chicago public schools. . . .

Mrs. Berta Fesner, vice chairman of Mathew B. Juan Post's unit of the Auxiliary in Chandler, Arizona, writes that the unit is financing its welfare work by collecting old postage stamps from all parts of the world, and it invites donations of odd lots of stamps, old collections and so on. . . . The Auxiliary unit of Raleigh (North Carolina) Post constructed a miniature "Flanders Field," with rows of white crosses, on the grounds of the State Capitol in observing Poppy Day.

Ball Kirch Post of Trenton, New Jersey, saw attendance at meetings increase 260 percent after Reverend David J. Spratt, as Commander, divided the post into teams and put up a chart showing the attendance scores of each team. . . . Canisteo (New York) Post entertains annually at dinner the Rotary Club of its town and members of the other posts of Steuben County. . . . Santa Claus walked in Colton, California, Christmas Eve under the auspices of Colton Post while the snow-capped tops of the 11,000-foot high Sierra Madre Mountains supplied background. . . . Newton (Massachusetts) Post members spent all their Saturdays for a year building a cabin for Boy Scouts at the Nobscoot Reservation, twenty-five miles from Boston. . . . Warrick Post, Boonville, Indiana, placed small Christmas trees in front of every store in its town, thereby supplying new holiday spirit and adding to its treasury.

PHILIP VON BLON



PUT YOUR CAMERA to WORK FOR YOUR POST

THE Monthly will pay \$20 for the best Legion activity photograph appearing in each issue, \$15 for the second best, \$10 for the third best, and \$5 each for all others published.

You don't have to be an expert photographer to win. If you are an amateur with a kodak, you are as welcome as the professional who uses a lens which cost him as much as an automobile.

We want photos relating in any way to the vast field of interests and activities of the Legion and the Auxiliary. We especially want pictures which tell stories of the unusual or extraordinary things Posts and Units are doing.

The only tests are these: Will the

picture appeal to readers everywhere? Will it entertain or amuse them? Will it impress upon them some powerful lesson of the Legion at work?

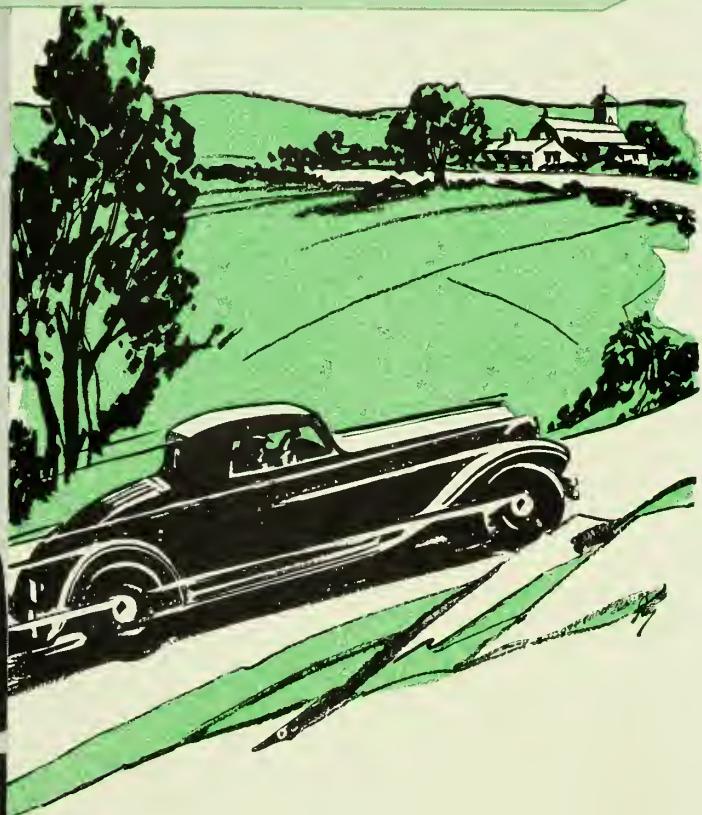
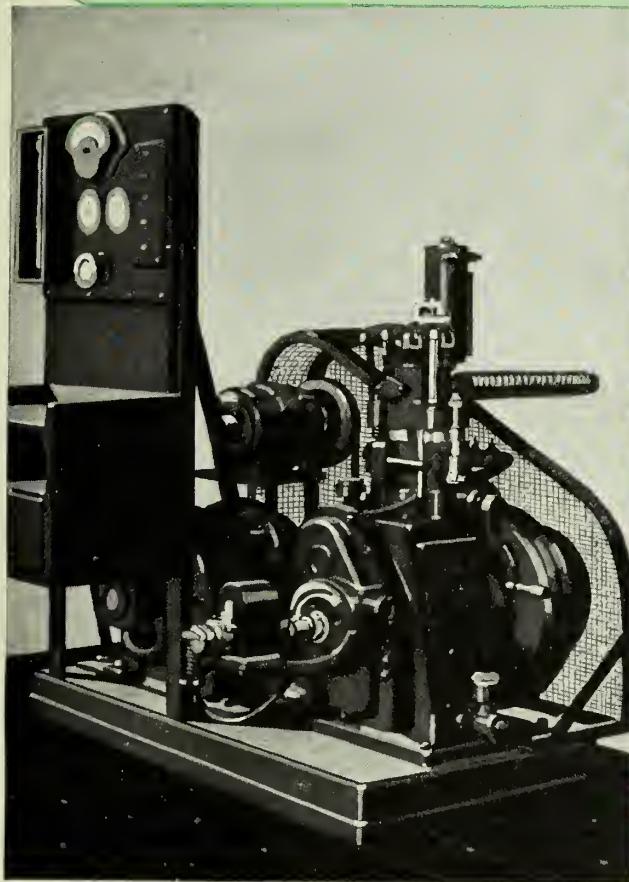
The editors will make all selections, and first, second and third prize winners in each issue will be identified. If you wish a photo returned, be sure to include return postage when you send it in.

Send as many pictures as you wish. Address entries to Legion Photograph Editor, The American Legion Monthly, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

"IF IT'S CITIES SERVICE . . . IT HAS TO BE GOOD"



THE TRUTH ABOUT ANTI-KNOCK CAN'T BE HIDDEN FROM THIS MACHINE

You hear a lot, these days, about anti-knock quality, anti-knock rating, octane number, etc.—well, here's what it's all about.

To get "octane rating," the motor shown here is first run on the gasoline to be tested, and the amount of knock noted on a meter. Then the motor is fed a mixture of heptane—a fuel that knocks violently—and octane—a fuel that is knock-free. This mixture is varied, until the intensity of knock equals that of the gasoline tested. The percentage of octane in this final mixture gives the "octane rating."

Thus a 75 octane rating means that the gasoline

will have the same knock rating as a mixture of 75% octane and 25% heptane.

A group of expert chemists at Cities Service refineries holds these fuels to an octane rating which gives them anti-knock rating suitable for today's cars. But octane rating shows nothing about power, quick starting or other performance qualities. So Cities Service chemists check other qualities, too—in fact, they make 22 separate tests, all coordinated to result in the best possible all-round gasoline.

Thus you are safe when you buy Cities Service products—for "If it's Cities Service, it has to be good."

CITIES SERVICE PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

CITIES SERVICE GASOLENE, OIL AND GREASE : KOOLMOTOR GASOLENE, OIL AND GREASE



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